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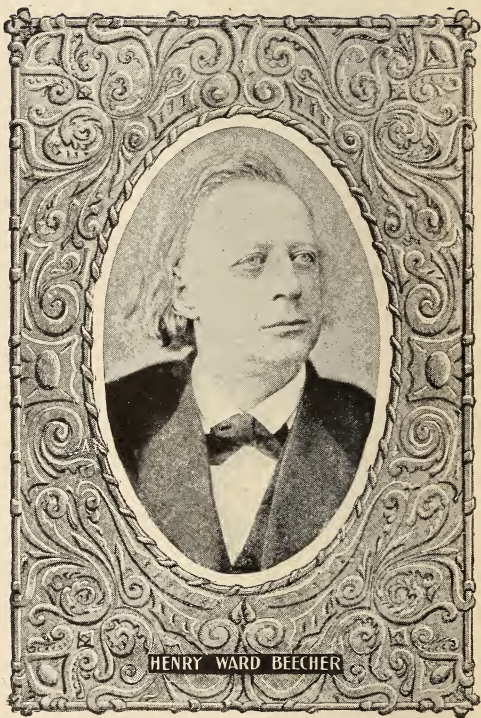


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HENRY WARD BEECHER

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Edited by Arthur D. Hall

Henry Ward Beecher

SELECTIONS FROM

SERMONS

LECTURES

and

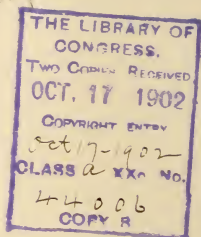
ESSAYS



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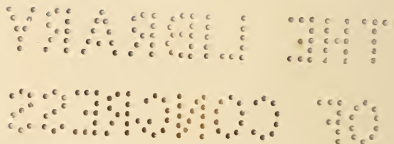
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Introduction.

INTRODUCTION.

Henry Ward Beecher, one of the most eminent of American preachers and teachers, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He was the son of Lyman and Roxana Foote Beecher, and the eighth of ten children. His boyhood and earlier manhood were passed in poverty, and he had but few pleasures. In his early years, he did not exhibit any great fondness for books; and an inflammation of the throat, resulting in indistinct speech, his great sensitiveness and diffidence and his bad memory gave no promise of the brilliant future in store for him. At the age of twelve he moved, with his family, to Boston, and was entered at the Boston Latin School. He afterward attended Amherst College, where he was graduated in 1834. Here he was the center of college fun, and a great provoker of mirth among the students, showing them that strong sense of humor which was one of his leading characteristics. Amherst was exchanged for the Lane Theological Seminary, in Cincinnati, where his father, then recognized as a great orator, was president. At the close of his course in theology, he received and accepted his first call to a Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, a small vil-

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lage near Cincinnati. It was a poor place, the church was small, and the congregation numbered only twenty people, of whom nineteen were women. He next removed to Indianapolis, where he remained for eight years, gradually winning a reputation as a powerful and eloquent preacher. It was while in Indianapolis that he wrote and delivered his famous "Lectures to Young Men," two of which will be found in this collection. It was here also that he preached two sermons on slavery, which are said to have had all the effect of a bomb upon the congregation.

In 1847 Mr. Beecher entered upon his celebrated pastorate of the then new Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn. In his very first sermon he declared his intention of uttering, with no bated breath, his own views on war, on temperance, and on slavery. For forty years, until his death, March 8, 1887, he remained at Plymouth Church, which he made renowned all over the country. Probably no preacher has ever displayed greater personal magnetism (a much-abused term), a stronger command of language or a happier facility of illustration. Added to this, he had the invincible courage of his opinions, and he attacked with a boldness, which nothing could daunt, the vices and evils of social and political life. This made him a power in the church and in the community at large.

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In addition to his pastoral duties he was one of the founders and early editors of the *Independent*, the founder of the *Christian Union*, and its editor, and one of the most prominent of antislavery orators.

In 1863 he went to England in order to do what he could to set that country right on the great question of slavery. The result was a veritable series of platform battles, especially with the public of Manchester and Liverpool. But his bravery, his consummate oratorical skill, his unlimited good humor and the extraordinary quickness of his repartee won the day at last, and converted enemies into friends.

Mr. Beecher's views broadened very much as the years went on. He insisted upon theological freedom, and for that reason withdrew from the New York and Brooklyn Association of Ministers and Churches, in order that they should be in no manner committed to his supposed heterodoxy. In limitations of grace, in mechanical verbal inspiration, in a commercial atonement and in an everlasting hell he had no belief whatever. His trust for the salvation of the world was not in doctrines but in the Christian exhibition of love. Indeed, love, as will be seen in these pages, was what he insisted upon from first to last. He was ever ready to take up and study new ideas and to embrace such as seemed good to him. A nota-

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ble instance of this is his adopting and teaching much of the theory of evolution. The extracts given in this volume cover a large portion of Mr. Beecher's career. The essays were written in the earlier days of his ministry, while the sermons were preached in England in 1886, and exhibit his very latest views. With the exception of the two "Lectures to Young Men," which are given in full and to which reference has already been made, the selections from the lectures are taken from those he delivered the last years of his life, when he was in the full fruition of his powers, and are the crystallized result of a long career of manifold experiences.

ARTHUR D. HALL.

Sermons.

SERMONS.

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION.

"But the greatest of these is love."—I Cor. xiii., 13.

The roots of this chapter are in the preceding chapter. It is a chapter of universal experience, a chapter of contention about peace, and of quarreling above love, and of all manner of collisions and supersessions and criticism—every man thinking that he had just the gifts that made him chief—lying over against each other in battle array in regard to orthodoxy, regularity, organization, authenticity. They had the gifts of speech, some of them, and used them; they had the gifts of teaching and misleading; they had all sorts of gifts jumbled together, as we have seen them since in the ages, and may see them still if we have eyes to see. And the apostle says that there are endless varieties, but it is God that worketh in them all; different dispensations, different offices, functions, experiences, manifestations, but God is behind all that are true, and they have a certain unity in God. But while the apostle did not discredit what we may now more familiarly call the means of grace, he

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said, "Have all gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet show I unto you a more excellent way." "Shove the whole crowd out," he says, "and let me show you the royal road." And then he broke out into this magnificent hymn or chant of love; and there has not yet risen that man inspired upon harp or organ or other instrument, not Beethoven himself, that has been able to put into music, the grandeur of this anthem of eternity. We shall hear it chanted there! Thus this lofty chant broke forth, as it were, in celebration of the coronation of love, and then all ceased. It could be seen that love was the one crowned truth of the universe; that without it all things are vapid and useless, and with it all things, it might almost be said, are superfluous.

But what is this love? We have a pale moonshine of sentimentality that is sometimes supposed to represent the Scripture love. Men sometimes advocate a life of love and a theology of love, but have no idea of justice and of truth, of sound words of orthodoxy; they advocate this *mush* of love. Now, the love which is the basis and sum of Christianity is something grander than any specialization of affection known to man. Nor is there, if peradventure it do not somewhat exist in the household, anything that is

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fit to be the type of that which the Spirit of God teaches us to be the love of Christianity. For it is not a mild and feeble amiableness; it is not a kind of charity that forgives men's faults, because it does not feel that they are faults, and has no conscience rebounding from evil. It is not merely morality, indifferent to everything that is not regular, and without any quick sense of good or evil, of the beauty of the one and the odiousness of the other. It is large, robust, discriminating, full of rectitude itself and the love of rectitude, full of moral discrimination, repulsed from evil and attracted to all that is beautiful and true and good. It is the whole man attuned to God's own nature, and, therefore, full of sympathy, full of kindness, full of fervent well-wishing to all sentient creatures. It does not disdain anything, the great love that God pours into great souls and little; it does not disdain the flitting insect, nor the flocks and herds, nor the birds that build and sing; but it has its full disclosure among men. It is that quality which shines out with beneficence upon all. As God makes His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and sends His rain upon the just and the unjust; as He has a great orb of compassion and sympathy that showers down benediction upon men without regard to station or condition, or even character, so that love, when it is transmitted to human beings, is a

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compassion and a sympathy and a well-wishing that dodges nothing, reaches everything, descends to everything, is universal, continuous, habitual; it is the altitude of the soul; it is the disposition in its moods of benefaction, consideration, sympathy, love; and in that sense love itself is but a minor form of the great love. It asks nothing for itself; it has no second thought; it asks only the liberty of bestowing kindness and affection and sympathy and all helpfulness. It sees faults, longing to correct them; it sees sins, that it may heal them; it is the soul's physician going into the hospital where men are maimed and are sick, only to see how they may be succored and helped. It is the soul's whole atmosphere poured forth upon others. Thus it is not a faculty; it is all the faculties and forces of the soul in a condition of imparting benefit, at any rate well-wishing, to all creatures. And thus it is a miniature God set up in the niche of our soul.

Now listen for a moment to this sweetest descant that ever was sung beneath the angel choir, and see if it does not compass substantially that which I have described rather than defined as the nature of a true Christian experience of love.

"Love suffereth long." That does not seem very striking. It is very profound. You cannot tell the strength of one's love by

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the pleasure which he receives from loving. The test of loving is what any one is willing to suffer for the sake of the object beloved. All deep love takes the object, as it were, into its bosom ; carries its burdens, or would ; forgives its sin, or would ; suffers. And any man that has nobody to suffer for him in this world is God's orphan indeed. Children are blessed because there is a household love that suffers for them. There are no hearts in the union of love that do not know how to suffer for each other. "Love suffereth," not once or twice, as if upon exhibition, but "long." Long as the chord on the harp vibrates, long as the pipe of the organ, suitably ministered unto, sounds, so long the touched heart knows how to suffer for those whom it loves.

"Is kind." Kindness should certainly have a place somewhere ; because piety is sometimes anything on earth but kind. It is acerb, it is stiff, it is homely, it is pretentious ; it is very good and very ugly. Piety ! It is enough to make a man run away from church to see some pious people. But love is kind, love is good-natured, and that stands society in hand often more than conscience itself. Love is gentle and kind.

"Love envieth not." Nobody envies below himself ; everybody envies those that are above him ; therefore envying is covetousness, or worse ; it is the recognition of good

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fortune, or of attainment, or of power, or of something else in those that are above, and the man is angry at their goodness because it rebukes his meanness or his littleness. But love, never. You cannot bestow too much upon that which you love. A mother is sooner liable to bestow too much upon the babe of her bosom than a true heart to envy the gifts of those that are about him. What if they are better and more popular than you? Thank God that there is some one better and more popular than you. What if they are wiser than you? Thank God that there is one more star in the firmament above yourself. What if they have the commendation of men while you have the dry, bitter root to chew? Thank God that somewhere there is somebody that is not getting troubled as you are. There are tears enough and misfortunes enough, and there are burdens and cares laid on those that are eminent quite enough to keep them down in their own estate. Love never envies anybody. And, judged by that test note, a great deal of religion is spurious.

“Love vaunteth not itself.” It is not a braggart; it does not every time it lays a golden egg rise from the nest and cackle. It “vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.” Oh, that there were some men that could be touched with a lancet! How the puffed-upness would come down, and leave vacuity.

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Love "doth not behave unseemly," or uncivilly. It does not think that rude, hard words, an abrupt manner, a disagreeable honesty, are any more tests of sincerity and manhood than words that are agreeable to men. It is not uncivil.

Love "seeketh not her own." That golden word that had been almost lost by forgetfulness luckily Paul brought into eternal remembrance, remembering the words of Him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This heresy the world has not yet acceded to. Selfishness says, "It is not orthodox: every man for himself; if every man took care of himself everybody would be taken care of; as for the sinful, the weak, the ignorant, those that are out of the way, no matter for them; take care of yourself; make your strength selfishness; make your knowledge selfishness; call yourselves by holy names, and live like the devil." Love never does it. It "seeketh not her own."

"Is not easily provoked." A wonderful grace is that! not easily provoked by things that are provoking; to stand in misunderstanding; to be yourself sensitive, and have all the insects flying in with stings on you, and not be irritated; to have the armour of patience, this is an attainment much to be desired. There have been some specimens of it undoubtedly in the history of Christian experience. "Is not easily provoked."

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"Thinketh no evil." Now, that is too much. It cannot be expected that we should reach that; that we should never have a secret pleasure in hearing some tale of a neighbor that thought himself pretty good; that we should never repeat it with smiles: "Well, you know, he is a good man, but good men have their faults." So it comes to pass that these beautiful Christians sit down at a banquet like so many cannibals eating up the reputation of their neighbors. "Thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity." Cynics, men that pretend to have such a knowledge of the world, think they cannot be deceived by sham, don't believe in sincerity, don't believe that there is any virtue that will not yield to temptation, don't believe but that every man has his price everywhere. The man may seem saintly, "Yes, but have you seen him behind the alcove?" If I am told that there is anybody very good, or very holy, or very just, or very pure, I will be above such things as that, for the Divine love does not love such things—it "thinketh no evil, it rejoiceth not in iniquity." It will not thread the common sewers of life for the sake of finding out the worst elements to feed on. Many a muck-worm does it.

"Rejoiceth in the truth." No matter if it is your enemy of whom you hear something better than you had supposed; be glad that

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the man is better than you thought he was. Your own church is good—of course—and all things are orthodox; but the church over the way! Ah! learn some of the things that have developed the true Christian life there. You ought to rejoice and be glad; no matter where you see the truth of life, of duty, of self-denial, of holiness, accept it, and bless God that there is even a twinkling of heavenly light in the dark passages of this world.

“Beareth all things.” Love is a burden-bearer, and it rejoices in its burden. The nursery is God’s commentary on atonement and on moral government. For where on earth is there such an instance as the mother, who counts it all joy to bear the child’s feebleness and weakness and want, and by and by quarrelsomeness and sickness and aberration? “Beareth all things,” not saying “If I had been tried with such and such a trial, I could have endured it, but *this!*” There is no *this* in true love. It is everything, it is anything.

“Believeth all things.” It trusts men. It does not mean that it believes every fugacious heresy or every rambling novelty; but it has a mind credulous, childlike, confiding. Count Cavour, the Italian diplomat, said he was satisfied from his experience that more mistakes would be made by not trusting men than by believing in them and trusting them. If that is true in Italy and in diplomacy,

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good heavens! where is it not true? "Believeth all things," or, at any rate, if you cannot do that, "hopeth all things."

"Endureth all things;" and you will have to do that if you undertake to walk through life with this kind of Christian love.

Now I want to call your attention to the fact that this is the only note of true orthodoxy in the New Testament. Let me refer you to the Gospel of St. John, chap. xiii., v. 34: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Even late down in the history of this world this commandment was given as "new"; and if he were present to-day, our dear Lord might, without changing a letter, say "A new commandment I give unto *you*. As I have loved you in the greatness of the Divine compassion, in the largeness of the Divine sympathy, in the glory of the all-filling love in God, so love ye one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another." Now, do you want to know how to find out whether a man is a disciple? Go to the catechism: "What is your belief in respect to foreordination? What do you think of predestination? Do you believe in the Trinity? Do you believe in the total depravity of the human race? Do you believe that men are effectually called, that they can do nothing to help themselves, that they are born without any good or any

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possibility of doing good, until they are regenerated by the grace of God? By this time you begin to sweat. "Do you believe that an atonement was made to satisfy the law of God, that all men are under wrath and damnation until they are brought by the Spirit of God to accept the benefits of the atonement of Jesus Christ, so that His righteousness is made righteousness unto them? Do you believe in all these things?" "Yes, yes; I believe." They swallow them at a gulp! But I never yet have seen an examination for ordination or for admission into a church that dared to sound this note of orthodoxy, "Do you love one another?" Yes; here it is, in the Word of the Lord Jesus; it is the one note by which we are to determine whether a man is orthodox or heterodox, whether he is converted or not converted. "By this shall man know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another."

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

Self-denial and cross-bearing, are we to understand by them that religion is, after all, an experience of well-borne sorrow; that men are to begin on crutches, and limp on crutches all the way through their life?

Man is of a composite nature, and in the order of time and nature both, he is first an animal, and of all animals the latest in com-

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ing to himself. For there is nothing in all the earth so far from himself as a human being when he is first born, with eyes that cannot see, ears that cannot hear, hands that cannot feel, feet that cannot walk; whatever there may be potential in him is undeveloped, he is a mere sucking animal, and that at the lowest. The fly is a full fly in a minute; a colt is a full colt in less than a week; a calf comes to itself very soon—it has not got a great way to travel—but man has to travel a great way before he finds himself. He begins at the bottom, at zero, and gradually attaches figures that give value to the zero on the way up. The things that are necessary for the animal life of a being in the material globe are very strong in him, as they must needs be, and so come the nourishing appetites that may easily be perverted into gluttonness and drunkenness, also the protective elements which defend him against aggression, as if they brought out in each individual the condition of human society when all were savage and every man's life depended upon his power of defending himself; combative, destructive, with a sense of his own personal worth and dignity which we now call pride, but which towered up in the early days as that element of selfness which it was his duty to defend in life. We are born animals, but not far along on the way we find beginning the buds of some-

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thing far more beautiful and noble than the animal, and they break out into fragrance and affection in the soul. After a time, if these be cherished, they rise from the mere domestic realm of personal relation into larger affection, into goodwill and benevolence; the man rises from instinct to intelligence, from intelligence in accepting the things obvious to the senses, the percipient intelligence, into reflective intelligence; and then by thought he ranges from the throne itself to the footstool, back and forth, with ever-widening circuits. Then we find that there is developed in those that still grow, liberty not restrained by philosophy or by any other thing of that kind; but men that have an inspiration to develop come to the spiritual element, and as all below that had cognizance of things seen, as all truth had to come below that to the sensuous man, to the ear, to the eye, to the taste, to the hand, to form, and to visibility, so we come to the realm in which the invisible predominates, and we become the creators there, and fashion things not only after the manner of their combinations among us, but higher than that, we enter the realm of Faith—the great realm of imagination which, when it is sanctified in religious use, we call Faith, but which is a gift of God in all its shapes and forms. Already, while our roots are in the soil, our top moves in the great realm of

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Faith, and we have the power given us somewhat of God Himself, and we go forth touching with color, with proportion, with all quality, the things that are not real, but are more real than things that are real.

Now, in this great multiplicity of constitution, to which I have given but the barest thought, in this richness of faculty there is, of course, a great contention which part shall govern. As in every commonwealth there must be an upper, and middle, and lower, so it is in the commonwealth of the human soul. By nature it is the animal that wants to predominate, but no! it is restricted, and to a certain degree qualified by the decencies of social life, that repress a thousand things that in the savage life are permitted to go forth free. And whenever any animal instinct would raise itself up against any purity of the household, the purity, the instinct of love says, "Down! down!" and it is denied. Man denies himself; the under is put under, that the upper may be regent; and whenever in the yet higher realm of duty, conscience, justice, equity, kindness, there rise up social affections or animal instincts, then the higher quality in the mind says to the man, "Be still; rest—know your place"—and we deny ourselves again. And if we call, as St. Paul did, all the way through (for he was a Darwinian without knowing it)—if we call a

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man a double man, the flesh and the spirit man, self-denial may be briefly defined as being the suppression of the under man by the authority of the upper man; it is not denying things that are pleasant, but it is denying to ourselves the things that are inferior and wrong for the sake of giving ascendancy, blossom, and fruitfulness to the things that are right. That is the whole limit of self-denial and cross-bearing; it is the repression of the under by the upper; and it is painful or not painful just according to the rude and uneducated condition of the man. In itself the instinct of benevolence, when it is ripened into a principle of benevolence, gives more joy when it puts avarice down than would have come from avarice permitted to have its full range, a thousandfold. Where temper would burn and kindness suppresses it, the kindness fills the soul with a joy and a peace that never would be known by anger. Where the upper qualities prevail, they grow luminous as they go up, they are sweeter as they ascend, they are nobler in every way, and the upper man, the topmost man, the man who loves God, conscious of the eternal, the invisible, and the immortal, that part of him is strung to a musical power that is not known in the grumbling base of the lower animal passions of mankind. So, then, self-denial itself, when you come to see exactly what it is, is

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that which we experience along the line of every single step of development in human life. I would fain be a musician—some youngster in my neighborhood is trying to be—and, oh, what work he makes of it! I know perfectly well if I could be a Paganini, how beautiful it would be. But before a man gets there, he has to deny himself in a great many ways for a good while. Every time that a man, in the process of education, ascends from ignorance to knowledge, and from one department of knowledge to another, he has got to give up a good deal of bodily rest, a good deal of diffused and dissipating society and pleasure; he has got to limit himself in his directions. No man can become an eminent chemist without great self-denial; no man can become a great geologist without great self-denial; no man can learn languages without great self-denial. We do not call it self-denial in secular things, but when we find it mentioned in Christian relations, Christian ethics, then it is an ecclesiastical something, which is very different. But self-denial does not belong to Christianity, it belongs to humanity. Self-denial is that by which we put down the inferior things for the sake of the ascendancy of superior things. It runs in music, it runs in the painter's art, it runs in sculpture and in architecture, it runs in husbandry and in statesmanship, it

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runs everywhere. There is not in the world any way by which a man comes to himself in the higher realms, except by steps of self-denial; and when Christ says, with larger scope and more profound spiritual meaning: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me," it is a truth as wide as the spheres; but how different in the understandings of men from what it was in the pronouncement of our Master!

Well, when self-denial has become facile; when you have learned, if I might so say, the trade of self-denial, it not only becomes easy relatively, but it loses much of its painfulness. If in a family of robust children a child is governed from the beginning, it is easy for him to give up his will to parental authority; but if the mother's love is so weak that she cannot dare to restrain her child, the child may run riot, and by and by, when the time comes when she attempts to restrain him, she will have a time of it, and he will have a time of it. And so in regard to self-denial in religious life. If men were brought up to understand what it is, to identify it, and give it a large sphere in their daily Christian experiences, self-denial would not be so very painful. I have got so that I do not deny myself a whit in some things. I see a great many whose pockets I could pick, and they would very

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amply fill mine; but I never do it. It is not because it is so very painful to restrain; on the contrary, I should rather suffer if I did do it. I behold a man's garden full of fruit and flowers; I do not leap the boundary and rob it. There is, it may be, a faint animal insinuation: "It won't last him, and it will advantage you;" nevertheless, there is a Chief Justice who sits up there and says: "For shame! for your own sake avoid it!" and it is for my own sake that I avoid it. I find no difficulty in regard to cheating and lying—that is, except in that form of incidental lying which everybody practices. (Expressions of surprise.) I believe there *are* folks who do not lie in thought or in feeling; but they are all in heaven. On earth, when a man so lives that everybody can see him inside and out, from his perfect truthfulness—when a man speaks the truth absolutely he has got to be a man so good that the Lord does not keep him here long. I do not, of course, speak of vulgar bluntness, but I speak of that state of mind in which the love of the truth in the very inward parts prevails and dominates the life; the yea is yea, and the nay is nay, and there is no shading off of either of them. Every self-denial ought, therefore, to give place to the pleasure of a higher quality. Where men are living in habitual self-denial they very soon efface

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the pain; the subject passions learn to submit so easily that there is very little sense of suffering. Now and then exigencies, now and then catastrophes come; now and then there is some great experience that goes athwart the life like a comet full of terror sweeping its train along; now and then there are new necessities; but in all the ordinary commerce of life men ought so to deny themselves as to subdue the recurrent powers, and it becomes an established habit as easy as breathing itself. The great trouble of self-denial is that a man often denies himself something for to-day, and takes it up again for to-morrow; he denies himself in church and forgets all about it out-of-doors. It is the want of thoroughness in self-denial that makes it at all painful to men, except in occasional exigencies.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

“The fruit of the Spirit.” That word “fruit” is a very great favorite in the New Testament and also in the Old Testament. Christ made it almost fundamental. There is the vine, and its bearing or not bearing fruit; or, as an interpreter of Divine Providence, it is pruned that it may bring forth more fruit. The quality of fruitfulness runs through the whole New Testament, latent, or obvious and expressed. “The

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fruit of the Spirit." "Oh!" says the hierarch, "the fruit of the Spirit is organized churches, subordination to God's ministers, clear and definite instruction in fundamental doctrines, reverence and awe in the presence of God, obedience of common folks to uncommon folks. That," say they, is "the fruit of the Spirit." But I do not read it here. "The fruit of the Spirit." Why, then, this world is God's garden—God's orchard. I should like to know the sort of things that God does like to raise in His garden; I should like to see the list of His orchard, the fruit for which God sustains the garden, the orchard and the farm, for which His Providence controls events, for which the whole experience is blown as a sweet gale that blows away the winter and brings on the spring. The fruit of the Spirit, over which all God's singing birds, in hymns and psalms of thanksgiving, do chant melody—the fruit of the Spirit—the end which is sought in this world among men by the Spirit, the ripeness which is the result of the fostering care of God's Spirit—what is it? Catechism? Not a word of it. Confession of faith? Not a word of it. And yet these are not necessarily to be rejected, they are not to be disallowed. "The fruit of the Spirit." What if a man, sending his children to a dancing school, should ever after insist

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upon it that they should reverence the fiddle and the dancing-master and worship them? What are these but mere mechanical appliances by which to teach grace and method? And so soon as grace and method are once organized into a person, the school at which he learned them goes behind and is forgotten. No child will be an expert arithmetician that does not first dig in the mire of the common school; but afterward he abandons that. When we read we do not stop to look at the spelling, unless we run against a false one, and then instinct brings us up. We become so habituated to it that we gather that which hovers over the letter, and is in the air, as it were, the meaning, and it is interpreted back by the heart, by the experience, by the affections. The fruit of the Spirit is that which is underlaid by culture, but culture itself is not it. The text is not the precious thing, it is the meaning in the text that is precious. A farm must have its implements, but it is the harvest that is of value, and they are relative. If a man can make a good crop with the poorest instruments he is better off than his neighbor who has ten times better instruments but a poorer crop. And if a man can make out of heresies a better Christian life than another man does out of his orthodoxy, he is nearer to God than the orthodox man. This is not dis-

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owning instruments, not at all, but it is saying substantially that men are perpetually worshipers and idolators of outside means, and quite forget that their value depends entirely on what they produce. So we have in the world, in the religious world, a vast amount of the *means* of grace without much grace. And yet when men criticise these things, when faithful pastors undertake to set forth to their congregation that while instruments or means of grace are useful there is something higher and better, "Oh, dear! dear!" they say, holding up holy hands in horror, "where is the end going to be if you take away the foundations?" The foundations are on the top in Christian character, not on the bottom! Then what are these fruits for which religion is established, for which churches and all forms of moral organization exist, without which, as the apostle declares in keenest ridicule, all religion is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal? The noisiest instrument in the band is the emptiest one.

Now listen to the fruits of the Spirit for which a Church is established and without the production of which it is like an empty field, for which all doctrinal schedules are ordained, without which they are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, for which all orders and regulations and methods are framed, and if they do not bring

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forth these there is no sacredness in them, and there is no irreligiousness in trampling them under foot. It is the soul that God has filled; it is the upper man where God is the cultivator, and husbandman, and fruit-er; it is the higher man, not the under man. And here are the harvests. The fruit of the Spirit is—of course, it is—is what? It is the one thing that carries in its bosom everything else; it is the mother around which are gathered the group of children; “the fruit of the Spirit is *love*.” You would not think it, to see how ministers act; you would not think it, to see how converted Christians act; you would not dream it by merely reading confessions of faith, which do not discard it, but which, as far as I can remember, scarcely ever mention it. Talk about orthodoxy, sound words, wise discrimination! The mother of all things in the soul is love. I do not know what men do when they go into those great, dark cathedrals, and stoop down on pretense of praying, and sit in a kind of stupid reverence, and are shocked by any wild ebullitions of life; or a congregation made happy by the luxuriant liberty of a sanctified soul. They do not know whereunto such things will grow. “The fruit of the Spirit is love.”

And the very next thing to this word means God in us; it is “*Joy*.” How is that

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for sobriety? Stern-faced, sharp, critical man, that thinks a smile is the shadow of a coming devil, how is that? Love first, next joy. What is joy? It is the response of each of the higher faculties of a man's soul, when it is brought up to concert pitch. Every one of them tends to produce pleasure, joyfulness, alertness, liberty.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, *peace*." What is peace? One would suppose it is going to sleep in church. One would suppose it to be simply the absence of pain. Peace has a positive existence. When the soul in every part of itself is stayed upon some good center, upon God and Christ in the love of God—when every part of the soul ceases to be hungry, when it has no clamor, no sorrow, but is restful, glad, and perfectly composed, in a sweet harmony in itself, that is peace.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

We go wandering through the world with the outward and the lowest elements, and we go to the civilized part of the globe and take the elements that build up exterior kingdoms and advance commerce and science; we go on to the outskirts of the Church, and if we are fortunate enough not to get into one of these Babel churches, full of clamor and wrath, we begin to have the

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sweet story of Jesus told; but not until Jesus Christ is revealed to us as the interior heart of God, and we can lift up our eyes, and out of our own experience begin to feel "the love of God which passeth understanding," can we have any adequate conception of what it is to have Jesus to introduce us to our home, and to our Father, and to our sonship. Do you ask me, on any mere mosaic of texts, or any miserable doubts of one-footed philosophy, to throw Him away and to say, "I do not believe in the Divinity of Christ?" He is my all; whom have I in heaven but Him? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Him.

I remark, secondly, that such a view of the central and dominant compassion of God to such a race as this is the only view that can be adapted to the history and condition of mankind. The old theories of the appearance of men upon earth, and the arbitrariness by which they had been neglected and doomed, seems to me to issue from the very pit of perdition. There is no account yet that can closely explain the facts of the appearance of mankind in this world, and of the slow development of the Divine economy among mankind. Why they should have been spread out through ages without light, without a sanctuary, without a Bible, without a ministry, without a Redeemer made known in Jesus Christ,

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who can tell? God can by and by, and I wait for Him to tell me. All my philosophy falls short. How can you explain the providence of God in regard to nations as they stand? There is that Continent of Africa that is overflowing with children, her tens of millions, yet so dark that if Africa were sunk to-day to the bottom of the sea, with the exception of a few that have been imported into it, the population might go down, and they would be no more loss to the world than the bubbles that would come to the top afterward—not a machine, not an invention, not a discovery, not a philosophy, not a work of any kind, not an institution of civil life. You might sink all Africa to the bottom of the sea, and the world would not lose as much as one mechanic hand in the city of London. How are you going to explain that in the Divine economy? Then look at Asia, hardly better; look at the isles of the sea. God's ways are strange and mysterious, I cannot explain them; but I believe they are explainable when we shall have come to a higher point of view. At present, I say this: I believe that God is a God of compassion; that He is working out a problem in which this world is not alone concerned; and that when we shall rise to the eternity in which His throne is and are eclairsied, delivered from the bondage of the flesh and all the in-

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terpretations which it gives to our spiritual life, I believe the fair fabric of the universe will rise before us with wonder.

Come with me, if you please, to an organ factory. I will suppose that we are ignorant of it entirely, and we are told that this is where the grandest musical instrument in the world is manufactured. We go into the factory, and what do we see? Slabs of seasoned timber, all sorts of mechanical work going on, harsh sawing, sharp filing, pounding, hammering. I say: "Is this the place where they have found out music? Is this the place where they build organs, which you say are the very royal instruments of music?" Then we go in and see the metals being rolled out, and shaped, and hammered. The men are twisting them, as they always do, and one pipe represents, we will say, the wald flute, and another represents the ordinary fife, and so on. They put them in one by one, and all that you hear is—(Mr. Beecher imitated the tone of the organ pipe.) They then take the tuning fork to see that it is of the right pitch and the right tone, and all day long you hear squawking and all sorts of sounds, and they tell you they are manufacturing music; and, heavens! what music! At last we go away, and I say what men say about the Church—it is a shame, it is a mere pretense. But one day as I stroll by

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a cathedral I step in; they have just had a new organ built, and some great interpreter of Beethoven is at the keyboard, and I hear that under-roll of thunder out of which rises up, all harmonious and all exquisite, tones that represent the birds of the air, and every other musical instrument in the world. The theme lifts me up, and as the sound rolls away through the vast arches I am entranced. A man says to me: "That is the organ, now it is complete; when you saw it building part by part, step by step, and pipe by pipe, it looked to you like anything on earth but a good musical instrument; you were fooled, you judged on the whole by parts that were in process of development." When God shall have given tone to every stop of human nature, when the work of redemption shall have been completed, when all the outlying elements shall have been brought together into their relative positions, when God Himself shall sit at the keyboard and roll forth the song of redemption, then men will know that all their doubts and fears and disgust in this world were both unphilosophical and miserably mistaken. May we live to see that great redemption day when God harmonizes all the scattered elements of the experimental life on this earth, and doubtless in other worlds!

CHRIST'S WAY OF HAPPINESS.

Christ's way of happiness is not man's way of happiness. You are not happy in proportion as you are rich; you are not happy in proportion as you are high in station, nor as you are in influence; indeed, I often think that the more a man has of this world's goods and honors the less happy he is. I am happier than if I was rich—I am far from it; but I know the lives of rich men, and I would not be a rich man such as I have seen—no, not for all the globe if it were one solid mass of gold. For how do men get riches but by sacrificing too often humanity, knowledge, taste, refinement, conscience? They win their souls to bribe Mammon withal. I have seen ships in the old days that lay off a port, blown off the shore by adverse winds, steamers that could not make the harbor, fuel giving out, bulk-heads torn asunder, the inflammable cargo used to raise steam, beating against the wind and waves until they came into port at last all dismantled, and I have seen a great many rich men that came into the port of old age with everything torn out and burned up that should make them happy in their old age—empty, stripped, almost valueless. A man may seek in this world riches, and honor, and station, and all

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the pleasures that come from the appetites, the lusts, or the passions, and he sows to the wind and reaps the whirlwind, and life goes out with him at last, dark, and a clouded sun—no hope, no joy. And I have seen women from whose hand had been snatched everything that was dear in life except hope, and love, and trust; impoverished, abused by drunken husbands, sometimes—I have seen them when it seemed to me that they had nothing on earth to make them happy, while they said, “I have everything on earth to make me happy; I am a child of the King, and He never leaves me nor forsakes me; I am happy because I am the Lord’s.” I tell you that the pomp and service of great funerals has oftentimes very few angels hovering in the air; I tell you there be many and many poor pauper funerals where the air is thick with the angels that are conveying that happy and blessed soul to the kingdom of God’s grace. Seek not the world; seek not its honors, nor its treasures, nor its fallacious joys; build yourself into manhood on the pattern of Jesus Christ, and the things that you do not seek will come flocking to you of their own accord, and you shall have joy by day and by night, and hope that never fails; and oh, when the earth recedes you will have nothing to regret; you will leave nothing behind you

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that is worth taking; you will take the soul that is refashioned in the image of Jesus Christ; and as you draw nearer to the end you will draw nearer to the beginning; and who can tell the first outburst of rapture and joy as one springing from the prison of this clay body beholds Him "as He is?" "As He is!" And here is His voice, sweeter than all music, saying with smiles, "Come; welcome." Let us all accept, then, Christ for our schoolmaster, and let Him educate us into Christian life, and then live to honor Him and die to enjoy Him forever.

NEEDLESS CARE AND ANXIETY.

The roads which lead to anxiety may properly attract our attention for a few moments. In the first place there is that kind of living which exhausts the vitality of the body. Men spend their capital, and they break down with liver complaint; they spend their capital, and break down with dyspepsia; they spend their capital, and vices have drained them dry long before they should have been blighted. Anything that takes out of the nervous system its vital tone lowers a man's conscious enjoyment; and if, therefore, men are melancholy, sad-minded, and see nothing hopeful or healthful when they are sick, they ought to be treated like sick men. But a man

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would never want to see the benefits of health by going into a hospital and seeing the woes of sickness; and in life we are not to go to men that are desponding, and dull-eyed, and complaining, never having any luck. There are thousands of men that never did have luck but once in their lives, and that was when they died. Such men oftentimes throw a gloom over the whole landscape, and over the whole experience. This is all bad, all bad!

But, aside from this, the melancholy that comes from exhausted nervous forces—the invalid's melancholy, which is a matter for medication just as much as any organic lesion—there are great differences arising from national character. Nations that value time, that are inspired with endless industry, that are taxing in various ways every resource—the weaker among them, and those that fail, naturally fall into a kind of gulf of despondency; they are more likely to be attacked with it than any other. I am speaking about your nation, I am speaking about my own—I am speaking of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are a driving, accomplishing, enterprising, industrious people, and we are very apt to waste our forces without moderation, and to determine our enjoyment by the amount of ambitions which have been fulfilled in our strife with nature and with society. I do

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not think that in the Oriental lands, where men do not try to excel and do not excel, there is half so much misenjoyment as there is in the nations that have aspiration and ambition. It is a national temptation.

Then, besides that, modern civilization is so complex, and so exciting, and so nerve-consuming, that that tends to mislead men and draw them away from the true spirit of religion. I would not on that account untwist the cords that go to make the strong bonds of civilization. A man lives in our time in a civilized community, and in the full enjoyment of all the things which knowledge and refinement and religion bring. A man lives more in one year than a savage life affords in eighty years. We live more in one hour than the majority of the globe live in twenty-four. And thus, as there is so much excitement, and such a play of the mind perpetually, and so many things in civilization that are neither wise nor wholesome, by the very mercies of civilization we are in danger of bringing ourselves into the shallow waters, and coming into that state in which we are anxious and full of cares as to what will happen to-morrow and what will happen next week. In business it is largely so. It is largely so in that part of business in which men commit themselves to trust, to credit. The man that pays as he goes, and that at every day

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at sundown knows just how he stands, must be a very sad-minded man if he does not find it easier to be trustful and calm than the man that is trusting everything to contingencies in the future. So, then, our very style of civilization tends to lead us into false conditions of mind.

Then there is this greed of wealth, I think, perhaps, almost more than anything else, and it is that that Christ struck between the very two eyes when He said to his disciples: "Take no thought for the morrow; the morrow shall take thought for itself; the Gentiles seek what they shall eat and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed; be ye not like them; trust your heavenly Father, who knows that you have need of all these things." You can push that to an extreme in which it would be false; but as an overruling idea of living within the scope of an easy hopefulness there can be no question what Christ meant in that matter. When men have enough for to-day and measurably for months—raiment enough, food enough, shelter enough, prospect enough—they are not likely to be tempted with carefulness of this sordid kind; but where a man wants not only enough for himself, and his wife, and children, and household, but more than he has any need of, when a man wants enough and a surplus, and then wants

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enough and a double surplus, and then enough and a quadruple surplus, he begins to have the ambition of wealth; he wants more than that man has got who used to hold his head so high, and he says, "I will show him some day"; he wants more than his father had, more than that old banker or capitalist had. He has just found out the way to get rich; it is not because his children need it, it is not because he needs it, but because he thinks he can get it, and then he will have the credit of it and the power of it, and can parade himself among admiring crowds, who will whisper: "See there the richest man in town." And so it comes to pass that that which, in a moderate degree, is a virtue and a benefit to the individual and to society, multiplying the means of civilization which we can yield for ourselves and for others, leads us to become the slaves of avarice and greediness; and where this comes to pass see what strife, what collision, what rivalry, what envy, what morbid solitudes! So men are disturbed by their enterprise.

Then society itself is a great bundle of legislation. After all the laws of nature have been laid down, and the laws of civil society have been introduced, then the great mass of mankind introduce another and more subtle set of laws of etiquette and procedure, never written and not writeable, but

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nevertheless learned, and by and by the question comes to me: "What will people think of us? What must we do at table? What must we do in the carriage? What must we do in the sidewalk? How must we dress? What is the public sentiment, and how can we defer to it? All these ten thousand nebulous questions harass some foolish people's lives, and render them full of care and perpetual anxiety. Simplicity dies in the presence of fashion.

But besides these there are the tendencies which are bred by poverty that is never so poor as in the presence of wealth; and never so poor as in the case of men that have had wealth and have broken down and sunk little by little to the bottom of society, and lost self-respect and reputation and everything, and that look even upon their family and their children without any remuneration of joy. "Once," they say, "I could have brought up my children like anybody else—now I cannot; I can do nothing for them; my life is ended; I have got no property, no reputation." Good heavens! Haven't you got a God left? Haven't you immortality left? Have you not all the realm of peace which God ministers to the soul of a man? Get up out of the dungeon of your passions; get up where the sunshine comes! A man has stumbled on the road of life, and has lost his house.

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Well, it is hard to see the piano go out and be sold by auction; it is hard to pull off the diamond rings and sell them to raise a little money; it is harder yet to see a person whose spirit is cowed because he has to get rid of the superfluities of life; it is harder yet to see a man that has so little conception of what he is in God. I am a son of God. Roll my garments in the dust—what then? Roll my crown from the head—nobody can take away my crown; it “remaineth;” there is a peace of God that remaineth. There is no rivalry for your faith, none for your hope, none for your joy, the endless treasury of a son of God, who, because he is an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ, owns the universe. The idea of man knuckling down to disappointments and troubles that has all this left to him shows that the man is broken not only outside, but inside, shattered to atoms. Your life is not here, it is hid with Christ in God; and every man ought to feel in himself: “I am that that no man can smirch; no matter what reprobate lips may say, it cannot touch me.” The eagle sits upon the topmost crag, and the fowler far below draws vain arrows at him. There is not power in the bow to send the shaft so high as where he sits securely. And he who has made God his trust need fear neither bullet nor arrow, for no man can

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reach to touch him with harm there. In that hope ought we to live; we are the sons of God.

HEROISM IN SUFFERING.

There is in warfare a heroism that hardly appears in moral life, not certainly often enough. When Badajoz was to be stormed, in the Peninsular War, under the Duke of Wellington, it was considered an unjust thing to select himself the regiments that were to be the forlorn hope, and, at the peril of almost certain death, storm the breach. He then called for volunteers, so that there might be no partiality. In many instances the whole body of soldiery rushed forward to volunteer, and he was obliged to put them back. There is in war the feeling that the most desperate enterprises are those that the heroic want to achieve; they want the chance of danger and peril. And so it is in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Men are often chosen, if they would but know it, because they are supposed to be competent to heroism under those conditions. Not every man is a poor man; but there be many who, when they have been robbed by the hand of fortune, and especially by the injustice of that that gave them distinctions before, are cast down, and as they lose their property and go out of the big house into the little house,

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they say: "It is no use, my dear, our prosperity is over; I never can make another fortune; all our friends will fall off from us, and as we go through the streets people will say: "There is the man that used to be rich." Good heavens! you ought to be a thousand times richer than you were then—then you had outward riches, then you were in mere bodily conditions; now stand up, if there is any manhood in you, if there is any holy or consecrated pride, for manhood is better than moneyhood. Ah! you that have lost your money, and lost your courage, and lost your hope, and lost your faith, get out of the way! But if you have lost that which gave you exterior position among men, and you can still stand up, and men can say, "He is grander than he ever was—no tears, no whining, no complaints, no conscious weakness—I never saw a man that seemed so manly!"—oh, blessed man! do you know that the treasure of the soul outmeasures all other treasures whatsoever; and Christ says to you: "I want you to abound; I will make you rich," and then you walk in more humility, gentleness, meekness, sympathy, and benevolence, never showing yourself so much a Christian as when dealing with those round about you that need you, not with men that can bring praise to you, but the men that can bring nothing but the oppor-

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tunity for you to do self-denying work. It is a great thing to be able to stand and represent Christ in prosperity, but when Christ says: "Shift the scene," and the curtain rolls up, and you stand in the midst of your wreck and ruin, and when Christ says: "Now, be heroic, show what grace has done for you; show that you are a child of God in disguise; make illustrious your faith, your patience, your kindness, gentleness, sweetness, long-suffering, up-looking trust"—oh! blessed be the man that has thus the chance of representing Christ twice, at the top of prosperity and at the bottom of affliction. He will not forget you. Milton says:

He also serves who only stands and waits.

It is a great thing for a man to stand and be active and so get credit; but it is a great thing, also, for one to be bedridden, to lie through weary days and nights uncomplaining, though pain be like a sword in the bones, to see the days waste and weakness holding you down. You say: "Why is this? why is this?" "Dear child," saith the Lord to such, "I have need of some one to exhibit patience and sweetness and goodness on a sick bed, and I chose you because I thought you could show it; but, my child, if you are not willing for this office, let me raise you up, and some other hero shall be

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called." Methinks the heroic heart would say: "No, no; let me lie, if only I may glorify Thee by being sweetly contented in my disease, in my sorrow, and in my trouble." You know that there never would be a rainbow if there was not a storm. There are many people that have storms, but there are very few people who know how to put rainbows on them.

How far below these ideals, and this standard of living, is the average Christian experience of so-called Christian men and Christian women! There are a great many people, I think, that will be saved; they have got something in them, and they will be "saved, so as by fire." Well, I would not reject the glowworm. Though the glowworm does not compare with a candle, or with a star, or with the sun, yet it has something after all of life in it. So there are Christians that are mere glowworms, emitting a furtive flash every now and then; but how many are there of whom it may be said that the rising light grows more and more in them unto the perfect day, they are triumphing over temptation, over selfishness and indolence and all self-seeking, and they are living so that no one can look upon them without saying: "This is a case of another sort; there must be the Divine power here, or no man could live as this man or this woman lives?" I think

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there are probably a good many saints that go out of our churches; but I think there are a great many more going out of our hospitals, and not a few out of our poor-houses, and a great many out of the lower walks of life. If the angels of God were to come and gather up those that in distress and poverty and suffering have maintained a holy faith and a godly life and example, they would garner from the bottom of society, and last, and with the smallest sheaves, from the top of society. "For the last shall be first and the first last."

REPENTANCE.

The life of a Christian is a life of one who, conscious of evil, determines henceforth to live a higher and a nobler life. The Christian repentance is the repentance of those things that are forbidden by Christ, and it is a growing up unto Him in all things which He commands and exemplifies. And in that work let no man suppose that he can repent once for all.

Repentance in its very nature is distributive. In our very nature we are like children at school who learn their lessons; they are more or less dull, and every time they go aside from their purpose of education they are sorry for it, and they have reapplication and intensity at the next hour. We

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are all imperfect. We come short of the glory of God; we come short of our own purposes; we look back upon our lives, and see to-day that we purposed to go all day long in the bright sunshine of hope and love, but before night comes there are storms in our sky, there is fretfulness in our sky, there is injustice; and when the sun sinks down we say: "I would have done good, but evil was present with me." "The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not that I do" is the experience of every man. What then? If a man is traveling and slips and falls, does he sit still? or does he say: "I am not a traveler"? or does he say: "I will get up and go back"? No; he gets up and goes forward. And at every step of the Christian life our infelicities, our want of right dispositions, our indolence confront us. For life is very large and multifarious, and the events are multitudinous, and there is no person that every day will not have occasion to say: "I have not done that which I meant to do; I have not reached the standard I set before me." What says Paul? "This one thing I do, forgetting the things behind, I reach forward to the future; I have put behind my memory, my failings, and my sins; I do not count them any more—they are all gone and done with. This is my life, to hold the idea of duty and rectitude

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and tenderness and love and activity, and every single day, instead of looking back to see how much I have come short of it, I look forward and take a new look at the standard of duty—I go toward it, I work toward it.” In that course you save yourself a vast amount of mischance, of mistake, of worry, and useless trouble, and you have the sympathy of God. “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For he knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.” We are weaker in His sight than we are in our own; we come short in His sight more than we do in our own; nevertheless, He takes us with the compassion and the capacity of a father who takes a little child in his arms and carries it. Let us not, therefore, fall into these stupid furrows, these ways of repentance which are external, which are very often merely aggravations rather than benefits to us because we have done wrong. Live to-day by your standard, and so far as you come short, say: “I am sorry, but, Lord, I come to Thee.” And take a new start, and so day by day live by faith of Him that loved you, and gave Himself for you, and who ever lives to intercede for you and to succor you.

THE DIVINE ABUNDANCE.

There is a false view of God taught in theology. It is taught that men must repent before God will care for them. It is because God cares for them that they can repent. He cares for them before they repent, or they never would. Do you suppose that it is the growing up of the asparagus, the grass, and the spring flowers that brings the spring? or is it the spring that brings them? Do you suppose that our determinations and purposes and wills and all that can bring God to us? It is His drawing that brings us to them. And yet how strong is the feeling! Ah! my soul, thou knowest it well—I lie down dead as a thorn. Was a man ever taught by a nobler father than I? And yet what weary days I have known, and what an utter degradation of spirit and soul does it seem as I look back upon it now, when I thronged the doors of the house of prayer, asking men to pray for me—as if Dr. Humphrey or anybody else was nearer to my soul than Jesus was! And what utter repetitions! “Lord, convert me! Lord, convert me! Give me evidence! Give me evidence!” I held my soul as a man might hold a watch, and stop it to see whether it had been going or not. The evidence of a man

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is his life. Start in it at once and you have the help of all heaven. Begin—move. Ah! when a man has been nearly drowned and rescued from the water, and brought home, the wife, in distraction, fills the house with shrieks, “He is dead! He is dead!” And there is every sign of death on him. By and by the physician, applying his remedies, feels, and he thinks there is a faint, deep breath; he holds the glass to his mouth, and it is bedewed, and the word goes out, “He is alive! He is alive!” And the whole house roars as it were with hope and joy. The man is not walking about; he need not get up or sit down at table; he cannot do anything; but the slightest touch of evidence that he is beginning to live has in it the whole promise of the future.

Now, if a man wants God he wants the higher life in God; it is not for him to wait till he can robe himself in saintly garments and say: “Lord, I have complied with Thy conditions, accept me.” No man is ever going to be accepted of God except as a babe is accepted by its mother; and of all things that ever lived on this earth there is nothing so near zero as a new-born babe. But there is a provision in the mother of a love overpowering, more than the child needs by day, more than it needs by night; a myriad preparation for all that the child shall need is waiting—waiting on his devel-

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opment, waiting on his first dawn of thought and intelligence, waiting on his crooked dispositions, waiting on him all the way, and the mother is the living sacrifice for the child to guide him to manhood, to virtue, and to truth. And shall a mother be all this to her child, and we not understand what God is to every struggling human soul—the life of our life, the inspiration of our dullness, the light of our darkness and our hope and joy? This is what faith means—taking these declarations in respect to God as if they were true. A man stands in a garden and says: “What is this tree?” “A pear tree,” he is told, and he believes it. “And what is this tree?” “It is a rose tree,” and he believes it. Yet when God has made known to us the infinite depth and riches of His grace we analyze it, and we ask: “How can it be, consistently with this and consistently with that?” Take it, believe it; trust it, live it; that will settle it.

But, coming to the question of punishment and reward and justice, do you separate justice from love? “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.” Chastening comes from justice, but it is love that inspires the chastening and inspires the justice. There is no separation in the Divine mind between the element of loving and any other; it is the one grand element that includes in itself everything else. The wrath of God is love,

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the penalties of God are love; they are schoolmasters, they are mothers, they are leaders. Do not stop outside and say: "The justice of God may meet me in the way." As a figure of speech Bunyan has made it very vivid indeed; nevertheless, the unity of the Divine nature is seen in the Divine compassion and Divine love. Well, why do not all men get it if that be so? Why do not all men get sunshine when they are blind? It is there, only they have no organ to receive it. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." Open your heart, open your soul to this faith and the benignity and bounty of God the infinite tenderness of the Divine love—let it warm you, and you will begin to have perception of it.

A man may put himself in a bomb-proof house, with a slate roof, and stone walls, and closed shutters, and say: "Do not tell me summer is coming; I do not believe it." Summer never comes to dungeons, whether they be human hearts or old castles. Be sure of one thing, that you will never go wrong by trusting God—not trusting Him as if He did not care what became of you, but trusting Him as if He did care what became of you, trusting Him as one who is more solicitous for your upbuilding and establishment in purity and truth and in all qualities of excellence—more anxious for

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that than you are a thousand times. Do you suppose that my child cares as much for his education as I care for him? I know he does not. Do you suppose that he cares as much for his honor and his well-doing in life? He has no such large conception of life, he has no such sense of experience as I have for him. I feel more for my children than they do for themselves. You do feel for yourself, and God feels more for us than we do for ourselves, in that He knows more of what the destiny of life is, what the greatness and grandeur of life eternal is, and what the awfulness of losing life, after spending it here, in the eternal dark, is.

So, then, with this conception of the glory of God, it seems to me I am justified in asking every person to accept God as He is known to us in Jesus Christ for every purpose of life. I beg all you who have walked along in a formal righteousness, and are Christian moralists, to look up to the light. You have the twilight as we have the twilight through these windows, but not the clear shining of the sun. There is many a man walking in Christian life that does not walk under the full blaze of the light of God in Christ Jesus; there is many a man that goes through the process of conviction, and then the experience of conversion, and then he undertakes to live in a certain degree conformably to his vows and promises. But

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that is a very different thing from having the day by day voluntary and involuntary sense of God with us, loving us, strengthening us, helping us.

And I ask all those that have never named the name of Christ: Is not a God of this universal bounty and helpfulness a God that you can trust? Do you dare to set at naught the riches of His grace, and, in the face of infinite patience, goodness, gentleness, go on to sin and harden your heart? Can you do it, and then call yourself an honorable man? If one plunged into the stream to save you and brought you out, and he only received buffeting at your hands, what kind of a man would you be? If one had supported you during sickness, and supplied you with all you needed, or shielded you under false accusations, and you turned traitor and sought his downfall, what kind of man would you be? Ought you not rather to herd with beasts than call yourself a man? And shall you take day by day the infinite goodness of God, His provision, His mercies, even physical and temporal, much more the overhanging atmosphere of Divine mercy and goodness, and not worship Him with all that have been redeemed; and join, while you live, in the cry: "Glory and dominion be to Him that loved us, and gave Himself for us, and washed us in His own blood?"

Lectures.

LECTURES.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

From "Lectures to Young Men."

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi.,
II.

"This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread."—2 Thess. iii., 10. cxii., 2, 3.

The bread which we solicit of God, he gives us through our own industry. Prayer sows it, and industry reaps it.

As industry is habitual activity in some useful pursuit, so not only inactivity, but also all efforts without the design of usefulness, are of the nature of idleness. The supine sluggard is no more indolent than the bustling do-nothing. Men may walk much, and read much, and talk much, and pass the day without an unoccupied moment, and yet be substantially idle; because industry requires, at least, the intention of usefulness. But gadding, gazing, lounging, mere pleasure-mongering, reading for the relief of *ennui*—these are as useless as

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sleeping, or dozing, or the stupidity of a surfeit.

There are many grades of idleness, and veins of it run through the most industrious life. We shall indulge in some descriptions of the various classes of idlers, and leave the reader to judge, if he be an indolent man, to which class he belongs.

1. The lazy man. He is of a very ancient pedigree, for his family is minutely described by Solomon: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?" This is the language of impatience; the speaker has been trying to awaken him—pulling, pushing, rolling him over, and shouting in his ear; but all to no purpose. He soliloquizes whether it is possible for the man ever to wake up! At length the sleeper drawls out a dozing petition to be let alone: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep;" and the last words confusedly break into a snore—that somnolent lullaby of repose. Long ago the birds have finished their matins, the sun has advanced full high, the dew has gone from the grass, and the labors of industry are far in progress, when our sluggard, awakened by his very efforts to maintain sleep, slowly emerges to perform life's great duty of feeding, with him second only in importance to sleep. And now, well rested and suitably nourished, surely

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he will abound in labor. Nay, the sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold. It is yet early spring; there is ice in the north, and the winds are hearty; his tender skin shrinks from exposure, and he waits for milder days, envying the residents of tropical climates, where cold never comes and harvests wave spontaneously. He is valiant at sleeping and at the trencher; but for other courage, the slothful man saith: "There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the street." He has not been out to see; but he heard a noise, and resolutely betakes himself to prudence. Under so thriving a manager, so alert in the morning, so busy through the day, and so enterprising, we might anticipate the thrift of his husbandry. I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. To complete the picture only one thing more is wanted—a description of his house—and then we should have, at one view, the lazy man, his farm and house. Solomon has given us that also: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." Let all this be put together, and possibly some reader may

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find an unpleasant resemblance to his own affairs.

He sleeps long and late, he wakes to stupidity, with indolent eyes sleepily rolling over neglected work, neglected because it is too cold in spring, and too hot in summer, and too laborious at all times—a great coward in danger, and therefore very blustering in safety. His lands run to waste, his fences are dilapidated, his crops chiefly of weeds and brambles; a shattered house, the side leaning over as if wishing, like its owner, to lie down to sleep; the chimney tumbling down, the roof breaking in, with moss and grass sprouting in its crevices; the well without pump or windlass, a trap for their children. This is the very castle of indolence.

2. Another idler as useless, but vastly more active than the last, attends closely to every one's business except his own. His wife earns the children's bread and his, procures her own raiment and his; she procures the wood, she procures the water, while he, with hands in his pocket, is busy watching the building of a neighbor's barn, or advising another how to trim and train his vines; or he has heard of sickness in a friend's family, and is there to suggest a hundred cures and to do everything but to help; he is a spectator of shooting matches, a stickler for a ring and fair play at every fight. He

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knows all the stories of all the families that live in the town. If he can catch a stranger at the tavern in a rainy day, he pours out a strain of information, a pattering of words as thick as the raindrops out of doors. He has good advice to everybody, how to save, how to make money, how to do everything; he can tell the saddler about his trade; he gives advice to the smith about his work, and goes over with him when it is forged to see the carriagemaker put it on; suggests improvements, advises this paint or that varnish, criticises the finish, or praises the trimmings. He is a violent reader of newspapers, almanacs, and receipt books; and with scraps of history and mutilated anecdotes he faces the very schoolmaster, and gives up only to the volubility of the oily village lawyer; few have the hardihood to match *him*.

And thus every day he bustles through his multifarious idleness, and completes his circle of visits as regularly as the pointers of a clock visit each figure on the dial plate; but alas! the clock forever tells man the useful lesson of time passing steadily away and returning never; but what useful thing do these busy, buzzing idlers perform?

3. We introduce another idler. He follows no vocation; he only follows those who do. Sometimes he sweeps along the streets with consequential gait, sometimes perfumes

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it with wasted odors of tobacco. He also haunts sunny benches or breezy piazzas. His business is to see; his desire to be seen, and no one fails to see him—so gaudily dressed, his hat sitting aslant upon a wilderness of hair, like a bird half startled from its nest, and every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honor—not that he keeps his word or shrinks from meanness. He defrauds his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord. He drinks and smokes at other men's expense. He gambles and swears, and fights—when he is too drunk to be afraid; but still he is a man of honor, for he has whiskers and looks fierce, wears mustachios, and says: "Upon my honor, sir; do you doubt my honor, sir?"

Thus he appears by day; by night he does not appear; he may be dimly seen flitting; his voice may be heard loud in the carousal of some refection cellar, or above the songs and uproar of a midnight return and home-staggering.

4. The next of this brotherhood excites our pity. He began life most thriftily; for his rising family he was gathering an ample subsistence; but, involved in other men's affairs, he went down in their ruin. Late in life he begins once more, and at length, just secure of an easy competence, his ruin is compassed again. He sits down quietly under it, complains of no one, envies no one,

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refuseth the cup, and is even more pure in morals than in better days. He moves on from day to day, as one who walks under a spell; it is the spell of despondency which nothing can disenchant or arouse. He neither seeks work nor refuses it. He wanders among men a dreaming gazer, poorly clad, always kind, always irresolute, able to plan nothing for himself nor to execute what others have planned for him. He lives and he dies, a discouraged man, and the most harmless and excusable of all idlers.

5. I have not mentioned the fashionable idler, whose riches defeat every object for which God gave him birth. He has a fine form and manly beauty, and the chief end of life is to display them. With notable diligence he ransacks the market for rare and curious fabrics, for costly seals and chains and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat or a vest, and adopts his conclusions upon the tastefulness of a button or a collar with the deliberation of a statesman. Thus caparisoned, he saunters in fashionable galleries, or flaunts in stylish equipage, or parades the streets with simpering belles, or delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery or with choicely culled scandal. He is

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a reader of fictions, if they be not too substantial, a writer of cards and *billet-doux*, and is especially conspicuous in albums. Gay and frivolous, rich and useless, polished till the enamel is worn off, his whole life serves only to make him an animated puppet of pleasure. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public; and even what he gives to another is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships; to-day at the theatre, to-morrow at the church, as either exhibits the whitest hand or the most polished actor. A gaudy, active, and indolent butterfly, he flutters without industry from flower to flower, until summer closes and frosts sting him, and he sinks down and dies, unthought of and unremembered.

6. One other portrait should be drawn of a business man, who wishes to subsist by his occupation, while he attends to everything else. If a sporting club goes to the woods, he must go. He has set his line in every hole in the river, and dozed in a summer day under every tree along its bank. He rejoices in a riding party, a sleigh ride, a summer frolic, a winter's glee. He is everybody's friend, universally good-natured, forever busy where it will do him no good, and remiss where his interests require activity. He takes amusement for his

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main business, which other men employ as a relaxation; and the serious labor of life, which other men are mainly employed in, he knows only as a relaxation. After a few years he fails, his good-nature is something clouded; and as age sobers his buoyancy without repairing his profitless habits, he soon sinks to a lower grade of laziness and to ruin.

It would be endless to describe the wiles of idleness—how it creeps upon men, how secretly it mingles with their pursuits, how much time it purloins from the scholar, from the professional man, and from the artisan. It steals minutes, it clips off the edges of hours, and at length takes possession of days. Where it has its will it sinks and drowns employment; but where necessity or ambition or duty resists such violence, then indolence makes labor heavy, scatters the attention, puts us to our tasks with wandering thoughts, with irresolute purpose, and with dreamy visions. Thus when it may, it plucks out hours and rules over them; and where this may not be, it lurks around them to impede the sway of industry, and turn her seeming toils to subtle idleness. Against so mischievous an enchantress we should be duly armed. I shall, therefore, describe the advantages of industry and the evils of indolence.

I. A hearty industry promotes happi-

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ness. Some men of the greatest industry are unhappy from infelicity of disposition; they are morose, or suspicious, or envious. Such qualities make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion, and good sleep are the elements of health, and industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labor the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and their gratification in it—these constitute a happiness superior to the fever-flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing different from this, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches, but of industry, temperance, and

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usefulness. Every village has instances which ought to teach young men that he who goes aside from the simplicity of nature and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life, and, sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonored grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and abandoned the very home of happiness when he forsook the labors of useful industry.

The poor man with industry is happier than the rich man in idleness; for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by license than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches, plushy carpets from Oriental looms, pillows of eiderdown, carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible—is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of city idlers, and pine for their masquerades, their routs, and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui* and restless somnolency, and

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they would gladly flee from their haunts as from a land of cursed enchantment.

2. Industry is the parent of thrift. In the overburdened states of Europe, the severest toil often only suffices to make life a wretched vacillation between food and famine; but in America, industry is prosperity.

Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, he has made them all accessible only to industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labor, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow upon them greater skill and cultivation. The wheat and maize which crown our ample fields were food fit but for birds, before man perfected them by labor. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colors, odors, and flavors. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop, and there is scarcely an assignable limit to which the hand of skill and labor may not bear the powers of nature.

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The scheming speculations of the last ten years have produced an aversion among the young to the slow accumulations of ordinary industry, and fired them with a conviction that shrewdness, cunning, and bold ventures are a more manly way to wealth. There is a swarm of men, bred in the heats of adventurous times, whose thoughts scorn pence and farthings, and who humble themselves to speak of dollars; hundreds and thousands are their words. They are men of great operations. Forty thousand dollars is a moderate profit of a single speculation. They mean to own the bank, and to look down before they die upon Astor and Girard. The young farmer becomes almost ashamed to meet his schoolmate, whose stores line whole streets, whose stocks are in every bank and company, and whose increasing money is already well-nigh inestimable. But if the butterfly derides the bee in summer, he was never known to do it in the lowering days of autumn.

Every few years commerce has its earthquakes, and the tall and toppling warehouses which haste ran up are first shaken down. The hearts of men fail them for fear; and the suddenly rich, made more suddenly poor, fill the land with their loud laments. But nothing strange has happened. When the whole story of commercial disasters is told, it is only found out that they

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who slowly amassed the gains of useful industry built upon a rock, and they who flung together the imaginary millions of commercial speculations built upon the sand. When times grew dark, and the winds came, and the floods descended and beat upon them both, the rock sustained the one, and the shifting sand let down the other. If a young man has no higher ambition in life than riches, industry—plain, rugged, brown-faced, homely-clad, old-fashioned industry—must be courted. Young men are pressed with a most unprofitable haste. They wish to reap before they have ploughed or sown. Everything is driving at such a rate that they have become giddy. Laborious occupations are avoided. Money is to be earned in genteel leisure, with the help of fine clothes, and by the soft seductions of smooth hair and luxuriant whiskers.

Parents, equally wild, foster the delusion. Shall the promising lad be apprenticed to his uncle, the blacksmith? The sisters think the blacksmith so very smutty; the mother shrinks from the ungentility of his swarthy labor; the father, weighing the matter prudentially deeper, finds that a whole life had been spent in earning the uncle's property. These sagacious parents, wishing the tree to bear its fruit before it has ever blossomed, regard the long delay of industrious trades as a fatal objection to

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them. The son, then, must be a rich merchant, or a popular lawyer, or a broker; and these only as the openings to speculation.

Young business men are often educated in two very unthrifty species of contempt—a contempt for small gains, and a contempt for hard labor. To do one's own errands, to wheel one's own barrow, to be seen with a bundle, bag, or burden, is disreputable. Men are so sharp nowadays that they can compass by their shrewd heads what their fathers used to do with their heads and hands.

3. Industry gives character and credit to the young. The reputable portions of society have maxims of prudence by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits? The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty are apt to be associated with industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow would be economical or trustworthy. An employer would judge wisely that, where there was little regard for time or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilferings of the till

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and robberies are fit deeds for idle clerks and lazy apprentices. Industry and knavery are sometimes found associated ; but men wonder at it as at a strange thing. The epithets of society which betoken its experience are all in favor of industry. Thus the terms, "a hard-working man," "an industrious man," "a laborious artisan," are employed to mean an honest man, a trustworthy man.

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his customers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudu-

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lent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hand stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

4. Industry is a substitute for genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity—as the faculty of music in Mozart, invention in Fulton, ideality in Milton—we call their possessor a genius. But a genius is usually understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do anything without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation, exact without calculation, and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast

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cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. Such minds may exist.

So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies, in village debating clubs, in coteries of young artists, and among young professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair, and very open shirt collars; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless—beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

The occupations of the great man and of the common man are necessarily, for the most part, the same; for the business of life is made up of minute affairs, requiring only judgment and diligence. A high order of intellect is required for the discovery and defense of truth; but this is an unfrequent task. Where the ordinary wants of life once require recondite principles, they will need the application of familiar truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds of knowledge must push out with bold adventure beyond the common walks of men. But only a few pioneers are

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needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men in each occupation may herald the advance of all the business of society. The vast bulk of men are required to discharge the homely duties of life; and they have less need of genius than of intellectual industry and patient enterprise. Young men should observe that those who take the honors and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce, and of professional life are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application, than for a brilliant genius. In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dullness, squeamish at petty disgusts; it loves a conspicuous place, short work, and a large reward; it loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows; and, if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side-race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction. What genius performs at one impulse, industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity

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of execution, and are upon one level before men—who see the result but not the process.

It is admirable to know that those things which, in skill, in art, and in learning, the world has been unwilling to let die, have not only been the conceptions of genius, but the products of toil. The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish from an almost incredible continuance of labor upon them. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap in literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs industry, as much as industry needs genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil. The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest accretions of persevering labor. The conceptions of Michael Angelo would have perished like a night's fantasy, had not his industry given them permanence.

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From enjoying the pleasant walks of industry we turn reluctantly to explore the paths of indolence.

All degrees of indolence incline a man to rely upon others and not upon himself, to eat their bread and not his own. His carelessness is somebody's loss; his neglect is somebody's downfall; his promises are a perpetual stumbling block to all who trust them. If he borrows, the article remains borrowed; if he begs and gets, it is as the letting out of waters—no one knows when it will stop. He spoils your work, disappoints your expectations, exhausts your patience, eats up your substance, abuses your confidence, and hangs a dead weight upon all your plans; and the very best thing an honest man can do with a lazy man is to get rid of him. Solomon says: "Bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." He does not mention what kind of a fool he meant; but as he speaks of a fool by pre-eminence, I take it for granted he meant a lazy man; and I am the more inclined to the opinion, from another expression of his experience: "As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him."

Indolence is a great spendthrift. An indolently inclined young man can neither make nor keep property. I have high

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authority for this: "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster."

When Satan would put ordinary men to a crop of mischief, like a wise husbandman he clears the ground and prepares it for seed; but he finds the idle man already prepared, and he has scarcely the trouble of sowing; for vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seeds, shaking and scattering them all abroad. Indeed, lazy men may fitly be likened to a tropical prairie, over which the wind of temptation perpetually blows, drifting every vagrant seed from hedge and hill, and which, without a moment's rest through all the year, waves its rank harvest of luxuriant weeds.

First, the imagination will be haunted with unlawful visitants. Upon the outskirts of towns are shattered houses abandoned by reputable persons. They are not empty, because all the day silent: Thieves, vagabonds, and villains haunt them, in joint possession with rats, bats, and vermin. Such are idle men's imaginations—full of unlawful company.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The daydreams of indolent youth glow each hour with warmer colors and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of

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enchantment in which the passions revel, and it leads them out, in shadow at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colors of faraway clouds are but the colors of the storm; the salacious daydreams of indolent men, rosy at first and distant, deepen every day darker and darker to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of indolence, so upon such poverty brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity—these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Indolence as surely runs to dishonesty as to lying. Indeed, they are but different parts of the same road, and not far apart. In directing the conduct of the Ephesian converts, Paul says: "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good." The men who were thieves were those who had ceased to work. Industry was the road back to honesty. When stores are broken open, the idle are first suspected.

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The desperate forgeries and swindlings of past years have taught men, upon their occurrence, to ferret their authors among the unemployed, or among those vainly occupied in vicious pleasures.

The terrible passion for stealing rarely grows upon the young, except through the necessities of their idle pleasures. Business is first neglected for amusement, and amusement soon becomes the only business. The appetite for vicious pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. The theatre, the circus, the card table, the midnight carouse, demand money. When scanty earnings are gone, the young man pilfers from the till. First, because he hopes to repay, and next, because he despairs of paying; for the disgrace of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, but not their respective pleasures. Next, he will gamble, since it is only another form of stealing. Gradually excluded from reputable society, the vagrant takes all the badges of vice, and is familiar with her paths, and through them enters the broad road of crime. Society precipitates its lazy members, as water does its fish, and they form at the bottom a pestilent sediment, stirred up by every breeze of evil into riots, robberies, and murders. Into it drains all the filth, and out of it, as from a morass, flow all the streams of pollution. Brutal wretches, desperately

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haunted by the law, crawling in human filth, brood here their villain schemes, and plot mischief to man. Hither resorts the truculent demagogue, to stir up the fetid filth against his adversaries, or to bring up mobs out of this sea which cannot rest, but casts up mire and dirt.

The results of indolence upon communities are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people the streets would be clean, houses neat and comfortable, fences in repair, schoolhouses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad and well behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshipers. The tavern would be silent, and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travelers. Grogsellers would fail, and mechanics grow rich; labor would be honorable, and loafing a disgrace. For music, the people would have the blacksmith's anvil and the carpenter's hammer; and at home, the spinning wheel and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement. Town officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly, and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports,

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without fighting; and elections would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

In a town of lazy men I should expect to find crazy houses, shingles and weather-boards knocked off; doors hingeless and all a-creak; windows stuffed with rags, hats, or pillows. Instead of flowers in summer and warmth in winter, every side of the house would swarm with vermin in hot weather, and with starveling pigs in cold; fences would be curiosities of lazy contrivance, and gates hung with ropes, or lying flat in the mud. Lank cattle would follow every loaded wagon, supplicating a morsel, with famine in their looks. Children would be ragged, dirty, saucy; the schoolhouse empty; the jail full; the church silent; the grogshops noisy; and the carpenter, the saddler, and the blacksmith would do their principal work at taverns. Lawyers would reign; constables flourish, and hunt sneaking criminals; burly justices (as their interests might dictate) would connive a compromise or make a commitment. The peace officers would wink at tumults, arrest rioters in fun, and drink with them in good earnest. Good men would be obliged to keep dark, and bad men would swear, fight, and rule the town. Public days would be scenes of confusion, and end in rows; elections would be drunken, illegal, boisterous, and brutal.

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The young abhor the last results of idleness; but they do not perceive that the first steps lead to the last. They are in the opening of this career; but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence. But leisure, relaxation, and amusement, when men ought to be usefully engaged, are indolence. A specious industry is the worst idleness. A young man perceives that the first steps lead to the last, with everybody but himself. He sees others become drunkards by social tippling; he sips socially, as if he could not be a drunkard. He sees others become dishonest by petty habits of fraud, but will indulge slight aberrations, as if he could not become knavish. Though others, by lying, lose all character, he does not imagine that his little dalliances with falsehood will make him a liar. He knows that salacious imaginations, villainous pictures, harlot snuffboxes, and illicit familiarities have led thousands to her door, whose house is the way to hell; yet he never sighs or trembles lest these things should take him to this inevitable way of damnation!

In reading these strictures upon indolence, you will abhor it in others without suspecting it in yourself. While you read, I fear you are excusing yourself; you are supposing that your leisure has not been

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laziness, or that, with your disposition and in your circumstances, indolence is harmless. Be not deceived; if you are idle, you are on the road to ruin; and there are few stopping places upon it. It is rather a precipice than a road. While I point out the temptation to indolence, scrutinize your course, and pronounce honestly upon your risk.

1. Some are tempted to indolence by their wretched training, or, rather, wretched want of it. How many families are the most remiss, whose low condition and sufferings are the strongest inducement to industry! The children have no inheritance, yet never work; no education, yet are never sent to school. It is hard to keep their rags around them, yet none of them will earn better raiment. If ever there was a case when a government should interfere between parent and child, that seems to be the one where children are started in life with an education of vice. If, in every community, three things should be put together, which always work together, the front would be a grogshop, the middle a jail, the rear a gallows; an infernal trinity, and the recruits for this three-headed monster are largely drafted from the lazy children of worthless parents.

2. The children of rich parents are apt to be reared in indolence. The ordinary

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motives to industry are wanting, and the temptations to sloth are multiplied. Other men labor to provide a support, to amass wealth, to secure homage, to obtain power, to multiply the elegant products of art. The child of affluence inherits these things. Why should he labor who may command universal service, whose money subsidizes the inventions of art, exhausts the luxuries of society, and makes rarities common by their abundance? Only the blind would not see that riches and ruin run in one channel to prodigal children. The most rigorous regimen, the most confirmed industry and steadfast morality, can alone disarm inherited wealth and reduce it to a blessing. The profligate wretch, who fondly watches his father's advancing decrepitude, and secretly curses the lingering steps of death (seldom too slow except to hungry heirs), at last is overblessed in the tidings that the loitering work is done and the estate his. When the golden shower has fallen, he rules as a prince in a court of expectant parasites. All the sluices by which pleasurable vice drains an estate are opened wide. A few years complete the ruin. The hopeful heir, avoided by all whom he has helped, ignorant of useful labor, and scorning a knowledge of it, fired with an incurable appetite for vicious excitement, sinks steadily down—a profligate, a wretch,

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a villain-scoundrel, a convicted felon. Let parents who hate their offspring rear them to hate labor, and to inherit riches, and before long they will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.

3. Another cause of idleness is found in the secret effects of youthful indulgence. The purest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness, existing by itself, is fraught with poison. When its exhilaration has thoroughly kindled the mind, the passions thenceforth refuse a simple food; they crave and require an excitement higher than any ordinary occupation can give. After reveling all night in wine dreams, or amid the fascinations of the dance, or the deceptions of the drama, what has the dull store or the dirty shop which can continue the pulse at this fever heat of delight? The face of pleasure to the youthful imagination is the face of an angel, a paradise of smiles, a home of love; while the rugged face of industry, imbrowned by toil, is dull and repulsive; but at the end it is not so. These are harlot charms which pleasure wears. At last, when industry shall put on her beautiful garments, and rest in the palace which her own hands have built, pleasure, blotched and diseased with indulgence, shall lie down and die upon the dunghill.

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4. Example leads to idleness. The children of industrious parents, at the sight of vagrant rovers seeking their sports wherever they will, disrelish labor and envy this unrestrained leisure. At the first relaxation of parental vigilance, they shrink from their odious tasks. Idleness is begun when labor is a burden, and industry a bondage, and only idle relaxation a pleasure.

The example of political men, office-seekers, and public officers is not usually conducive to industry. The idea insensibly fastens upon the mind that greatness and hard labor are not companions. The inexperience of youth imagines that great men are men of great leisure. They see them much in public, often applauded and greatly followed. How disgusting in contrast is the mechanic's life! A tinkering shop, dark and smutty, is the only theatre of his exploits; and labor, which covers him with sweat and fills him with weariness, brings neither notice nor praise. The ambitious apprentice, sighing over his soiled hands, hates his ignoble work; neglecting it, he aspires to better things, plots in a caucus, declaims in a barroom, fights in a grogshop, and dies in a ditch.

5. But the indolence begotten by venal ambition must not be so easily dropped. At those periods of occasional disaster, when embarrassments cloud the face of com-

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merce, and trade drags heavily, sturdy laborers forsake industrial occupations and petition for office. Had I a son able to gain a livelihood by toil, I had rather bury him than witness his beggarly supplications for office—sneaking along the path of men's passions to gain his advantage, holding in the breath of his honest opinions, and breathing feigned words of flattery to hungry ears, popular or official, and crawling, viler than a snake, through all the unmanly courses by which ignoble wretches purloin the votes of the dishonest, the drunken, and the vile.

The late reverses of commerce have unsettled the habits of thousands. Manhood seems debilitated, and many sturdy yeomen are ashamed of nothing but labor. For a farthing-pittance of official salary, for the miserable fees of a constable's office, for the parings and perquisites of any deputyship, a hundred men in every village rush forward, scrambling, jostling, crowding, each more obsequious than the other to lick the hand that holds the omnipotent vote or the starveling office. The most supple cunning gains the prize. Of the disappointed crowd a few, rebuked by their sober reflections, go back to their honest trade, ashamed and cured of office seeking. But the majority grumble for a day, then prick forth their ears, arrange their feline arts, and mouse

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again for another office. The general appetite for office and disrelish for industrial callings is a prolific source of idleness; and it would be well for the honor of young men if they were bred to regard office as fit only for those who have clearly shown themselves able and willing to support their families without it. No office can make a worthless man respectable, and a man of integrity, thrift, and religion has name enough without badge or office.

6. Men become indolent through the reverses of fortune. Surely, despondency is a grievous thing and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the present, and no light in the future, but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity, and growing darker as they advance; to wear a constant expectation of woe like a girdle; to see want at the door, imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel or courage to bear its tyranny—indeed, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful. It is more dreadful if the man is wrecked with his fortune. Can anything be more poignant in anticipation than one's own self, unnerved, cowed down and slackened to utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting and driven down the troubled sea of life? Of all things on earth, next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry. If it brings nothing

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back and saves nothing, it will save him. To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of disgrace; but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm, amidst its rage and wildest devastations, to let it beat over you and roar around you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed, this is to be a man. Adversity is the mint in which God stamps upon us his image and superscription. In this matter men may learn of insects. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself, before he will live without a web; the bee can be decoyed from his labor neither by plenty nor scarcity. If summer be abundant, it toils none the less; if it be parsimonious of flowers, the tiny laborer sweeps a wider circle, and by industry repairs the frugality of the season. Man should be ashamed to be rebuked in vain by the spider, the ant, and the bee.

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”

SIX WARNINGS.

From “Lectures to Young Men.”

“The generation of the upright shall be blessed, wealth and riches shall be in his house.”—Ps. cxii., 2, 3.

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“He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool.”—Jer. xvii., II.

When justly obtained and rationally used, riches are called a gift of God, an evidence of his favor, and a great reward. When gathered unjustly, and corruptly used, wealth is pronounced a canker, a rust, a fire, a curse. There is no contradiction, then, when the Bible persuades to industry and integrity by a promise of riches, and then dissuades from wealth as a terrible thing, destroying soul and body. Blessings are vindictive to abusers, and kind to rightful users; they serve us, or rule us. Fire warms our dwelling, or consumes it. Steam serves man, and also destroys him. Iron, in the plow, the sickle, the house, the ship, is indispensable. The dirk, the assassin's knife, the cruel sword, and the spear are iron also.

The constitution of man and of society alike evinces the design of God. Both are made to be happier by the possession of riches; their full development and perfection are dependent, to a large extent, upon wealth. Without it there can be neither books nor implements, neither commerce nor arts, neither towns nor cities. It is a folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in man by a constitutional faculty, that with which he has associated high

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grades of happiness, that which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is an artist—by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build, and adorn; a master mechanic—and inspires man to invent, to discover, to apply, to forge, and to fashion; a husbandman—and under its influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden; a manufacturer—and teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, to color, and dress all useful fabrics; a merchant—and sends forth ships, and fills warehouses with their returning cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's patron; sustains his leisure, rewards his labor, builds the college, and gathers the library.

Is a man weak? He can buy the strong. Is he ignorant? The learned will serve his wealth. Is he rude of speech? He may procure the advocacy of the eloquent. The rich cannot buy honor, but honorable places they can; they cannot purchase nobility, but they may its titles. Money cannot buy freshness of heart, but it can every luxury which tempts to enjoyment. Laws are its bodyguard, and no earthly power may safely defy it, either while running in the swift channels of commerce, or reposing in the reservoirs of ancient families. Here is a wonderful thing, that an inert metal,

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which neither thinks nor feels nor stirs, can set the whole world to thinking, planning, running, digging, fashioning, and drives on the sweaty mass with never-ending labors!

Avarice seeks gold, not to build or buy therewith, not to clothe or feed itself, not to make it an instrument of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or religion. Avarice seeks it to heap it up; to walk around the pile and gloat upon it; to fondle and court, to kiss and hug the darling stuff to the end of life with the homage of idolatry.

Pride seeks it; for it gives power and place and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treadle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece—this may suit humanity, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it; what else can give it costly clothing, and rare ornaments, and stately dwellings and showy equipage, and attract admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it; because by it may be had whatever is beautiful, or refining, or instructive. What leisure has poverty for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins, or curiosities?

Love seeks it; to build a home full of de-

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lights for father, wife, or child ; and, wisest of all,

Religion seeks it ; to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

What a sight does the busy world present, as of a great workshop, where hope and fear, love and pride, and lust and pleasure and avarice, separate or in partnership, drive on the universal race for wealth ; delving in the mine, digging in the earth, sweltering at the forge, plying the shuttle, plowing the waters ; in houses, in shops, in stores, on the mountainside or in the valley ; by skill, by labor, by thought, by craft, by force, by traffic—all men, in all places, by all labors, fair and unfair, the world around, busy, busy ; ever searching for wealth, that wealth may supply their pleasures.

As every taste and inclination may receive its gratification through riches, the universal and often fierce pursuit of it arises, not from the single impulse of avarice, but from the impulse of the whole mind ; and on this very account its pursuits should be more exactly regulated. Let me set up a warning over against the special dangers which lie along the road to riches.

1. I warn you against thinking that riches necessarily confer happiness, and poverty unhappiness. Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich when

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you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his disposition; if that be good, riches will bring pleasure; but only vexation, if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle—can wealth make vanity happy by such folly? If wealth descends upon avarice, does it confer happiness? It blights the heart, as autumnal fires ravage the prairies. The eye glows with greedy cunning, conscience shrivels, the light of love goes out, and the wretch moves amidst his coin no better, no happier, than a loathsome reptile in a mine of gold. A dreary fire of self-love burns in the bosom of the avaricious rich, as a hermit's flame in a ruined temple of the desert. The fire is kindled for no deity, and is odorous with no incense, but only warms the shivering anchorite.

Wealth will do little for lust but to hasten its corruption. There is no more happiness in a foul heart than there is health in a pestilent morass. Satisfaction is not made out of such stuff as fighting carousals, obscene revelry, and midnight orgies. An alligator, gorging or swollen with surfeit, and basking in the sun, has the same hap-

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piness which riches bring to the man who eats to gluttony, drinks to drunkenness, and sleeps to stupidity. But riches indeed bless that heart whose almoner is benevolence. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure, if conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy and generosity relieves them; if the public-spirited hand fosters all that embellishes and all that ennobles society—then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that poverty is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice, mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence, where virtues sleep, and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency makes—a deep dungeon, in which the victim wears hopeless chains. May God save you from that! There is a spiteful and venomous poverty, in which mean and cankered hearts, repairing none of their own losses, spit at others' prosperity, and curse the rich, themselves doubly cursed by their own hearts.

But there is a contented poverty, in which industry and peace rule; and a joyful hope, which looks out into another world where riches shall neither fly nor fade. This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happi-

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ness, and find its own joy in their enjoyment. If a serene age finds you in such poverty, it is such a wilderness, if it be a wilderness, as that in which God led his chosen people, and on which he rained every day a heavenly manna.

If God open to your feet the way to wealth, enter it cheerfully; but remember that riches will bless or curse you, as your own heart determines. But if, circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry, do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut more dignity than in the palace; more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare than in the rich man's satiety.

2. Men are warned in the Bible against making haste to be rich. "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." This is spoken, not of the alacrity of enterprise, but of the precipitancy of avarice. That is an evil eye which leads a man into trouble by incorrect vision. When a man seeks to prosper by crafty tricks instead of careful industry; when a man's inordinate covetousness pushes him across all lines of honesty that he may sooner clutch the prize; when gambling speculation would reap where it had not strewn; when men gain riches by crimes—there is an evil eye, which guides them through a specious prosperity

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to inevitable ruin. So dependent is success upon patient industry that he who seeks it otherwise tempts his own ruin. A young lawyer, unwilling to wait for that practice which rewards a good reputation, or unwilling to earn that reputation by severe application, rushes through all the dirty paths of chicane to a hasty prosperity, and he rushes out of it by the dirtier paths of discovered villainy. A young politician, scarcely waiting till the law allows his majority, sturdily begs for that popularity which he should have patiently earned. In the ferocious conflicts of political life, cunning, intrigue, falsehood, slander, vituperative violence, at first sustain his pretensions, and at last demolish them. It is thus in all the ways of traffic, in all the arts and trades. That prosperity which grows like the mushroom is as poisonous as the mushroom. Few men are destroyed, but many destroy themselves.

When God sends wealth to bless men, He sends it gradually, like a gentle rain. When God sends riches to punish men, they come tumultuously, like a roaring torrent, tearing up landmarks and sweeping all before them in promiscuous ruin. Almost every evil which environs the path to wealth springs from that criminal haste which substitutes adroitness for industry, and trick for toil.

3. Let me warn you against covetousness. Thou shalt not covet is the law by

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which God sought to bless a favorite people. Covetousness is greediness of money. The Bible meets it with significant woes, by God's hatred, by solemn warnings, by denunciations, by exclusion from heaven. This pecuniary gluttony comes upon the competitors for wealth insidiously. At first, business is only a means of paying for our pleasures. Vanity soon whets the appetite for money, to sustain her parade and competition, to gratify her piques and jealousies. Pride throws in fuel for a brighter flame. Vindictive hatreds often augment the passion, until the whole soul glows as a fervid furnace, and the body is driven as a boat whose ponderous engine trembles with the utmost energy of steam.

Covetousness is unprofitable. It defeats its own purposes. It breeds restless daring where it is dangerous to venture. It works the mind to fever, so that its judgments are not cool nor its calculations calm. Greed of money is like fire; the more fuel it has, the hotter it burns. Everything conspires to intensify the heat. Loss excites by desperation, and gain by exhilaration. When there is fever in the blood, there is fire on the brain; and courage turns to rashness, and rashness runs to ruin.

Covetousness breeds misery. The sight of houses better than our own, of dress beyond our means, of jewels costlier than we

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may wear, of stately equipage and rare curiosities beyond our reach—these hatch the viper brood of covetous thoughts; vexing the poor, who would be rich; tormenting the rich, who would be richer. The covetous man pines to see pleasure; is sad in the presence of cheerfulness; and the joy of the world is his sorrow, because all the happiness of others is not his. I do not wonder that God *abhors* (Psalms x. 3.) him. He inspects his heart, as he would a cave full of noisome birds or a nest of rattling reptiles, and loathes the sight of its crawling tenants. To the covetous man life is a nightmare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may. Mammon might build its palace on such a heart, and pleasure bring all its revelry there, and honor all its garlands—it would be like pleasures in a sepulchre and garlands on a tomb.

The creed of the greedy man is brief and consistent, and, unlike other creeds, is both subscribed and believed. The chief end of man is to glorify gold and enjoy it forever; life is a time afforded man to grow rich in; death, the winding up of speculations; heaven, a mart, with golden streets; hell, a place where shiftless men are punished with everlasting poverty.

God searched among the beasts for a fit emblem of contempt to describe the end of a covetous prince. “He shall be buried with

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the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem" (Jer. xxii., 19.) He whose heart is turned to greediness, who sweats through life under the load of labor only to heap up money, and dies without private usefulness or a record of public service, is no better in God's estimation, than a pack horse, a mule, an ass; a creature for burdens, to be beaten and worked, and killed, and dragged off by another like him, abandoned to the birds, and forgotten.

He is buried with the burial of an ass! This is the miser's epitaph—and yours, man, if you earn it by covetousness!

4. I warn you against selfishness. Of riches, it is written: There is no good in them but for a man to rejoice and to do good in his life. If men absorb their property, it parches the heart so that it will not give forth blossoms and fruits, but only thorns and thistles. If men radiate and reflect upon others some rays of the prosperity which shines upon themselves, wealth is not only harmless, but full of advantage.

The thoroughfares of wealth are crowded by a throng who jostle and thrust and conflict, like men in the tumult of a battle. The rules which crafty old men breathe into the ears of the young are full of selfish wisdom, teaching them that the chief end of man is to harvest, to husband, and to hoard. Their

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life is made obedient to a scale of preferences graded from a sordid experience, a scale which has penury for one extreme, and parsimony for the other ; and the virtues are ranked between them as they are relatively fruitful in physical thrift. Every crevice of the heart is calked with costive maxims, so that no precious drop of wealth may leak out through inadvertent generousities. Indeed, generosity, and all its company, are thought to be little better than pilfering pick-locks, against whose wiles the heart is prepared, like a coin vault, with iron-clinched walls of stone and impenetrable doors. Mercy, pity, and sympathy are vagrant fowls ; and, that they may not scale the fence between a man and his neighbors, their wings are clipped by the miser's master-maxim, charity begins at home. It certainly stays there.

The habit of regarding men as dishonest rivals dries up, also, the kindlier feelings. A shrewd trafficker must watch his fellows, be suspicious of their proffers, vigilant of their movements, and jealous of their pledges. The world's way is a very crooked way, and a very guileful one. Its travelers creep by stealth, or walk craftily, or glide in concealments, or appear in specious guises. He who stands out watching among men, to pluck his advantage from their hands, or to lose it by their wiles, comes, at length, to re-

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gard all men as either enemies or instruments. Of course, he thinks it fair to strip an enemy, and just as fair to use an instrument. Men are no more to him than bales, boxes, or goods—mere matters of traffic. If he ever relaxes his commercial rigidity to indulge in the fictions of poetry, it is when, perhaps, on Sundays or at a funeral, he talks quite prettily about friendship and generosity and philanthropy. The tightest ship may leak in a storm, and an unbartered penny may escape from this man when the surprise of the solicitation gives no time for thought.

The heart cannot wholly petrify without some honest revulsions. Opiates are administered to it. This business man tells his heart that it is beset by unscrupulous enemies, that beneficent virtues are doors to let them in, that liberality is bread given to one's foes, and selfishness only self-defense. At the same time, he enriches the future with generous promises. While he is getting rich, he cannot afford to be liberal; but, when once he is rich, ah! how liberal he means to be! As though habits could be unbuckled like a girdle, and were not rather steel bands riveted, defying the edge of any man's resolution, and clasping the heart with invincible servitude!

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth is like a citadel

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stormed in war. The banner of victory waves over dilapidated walls, desolate chambers, and magazines riddled with artillery. Men, covered with sweat and begrimed with toil, expect to find joy in a heart reduced by selfishness to a smoldering heap of ruins.

I warn every aspirant for wealth against the infernal canker of selfishness. It will eat out of the heart with the fire of hell, or bake it harder than a stone. The heart of avaricious old age stands like a bare rock in a bleak wilderness, and there is no rod of authority, nor incantation of pleasure, which can draw from it one crystal drop to quench the raging thirst for satisfaction. But listen not to my words alone; hear the solemn voice of God, pronouncing doom upon the selfish: "Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." (James v., 2, 3.)

5. I warn you against seeking wealth by covert dishonesty. The everlasting plea of petty fraud or open dishonesty is its necessity or profitableness.

It is neither necessary nor profitable. The hope is a deception and the excuse a lie. The severity of competition affords no reason for dishonesty in word or deed. Competition is fair, but not all methods of competition. A mechanic may compete with a

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mechanic by rising earlier, by greater industry, by greater skill, more punctuality, greater thoroughness, by employing better materials, by a more scrupulous fidelity to promises, and by facility in accommodation. A merchant may study to excel competitors by a better selection of goods, by more obliging manners, by more rigid honesty, by a better knowledge of the market, by better taste in the arrangement of his goods. Industry, honesty, kindness, taste, genius, and skill are the only material of all rightful competition.

But, whenever you have exerted all your knowledge, all your skill, all your industry, with long-continued patience and without success, then it is clear, not that you may proceed to employ trick and cunning, but that you must stop. God has put before you a bound which no man may overleap. There may be the appearance of gain on the knavish side of the wall of honor. Traps are always baited with food sweet to the taste of the intended victim; and Satan is too crafty a trapper not to scatter the pitfalls of dishonesty with some shining particles of gold.

But, what if fraud were necessary to permanent success? Will you take success upon such terms? I perceive, too often, that young men regard the argument as ended when they prove to themselves that they cannot be rich without guile. Very well; then

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be poor. But, if you prefer money to honor, you may well swear fidelity to the villain's law! If it is not base and detestable to gain by equivocation, neither is it by lying; and, if not by lying, neither is it by stealing; and, if not by stealing, neither by robbery nor murder. Will you tolerate the loss of honor and honesty for the sake of profit? For exactly this Judas betrayed Christ, and Arnold his country. Because it is the only way to gain some pleasure, may a wife yield her honor, a politician sell himself, a statesman barter his counsel, a judge take bribes, a juryman forswear himself, or a witness commit perjury? Then, virtues are marketable commodities, and may be hung up, like meat in the shambles, or sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Who can afford a victory gained by a defeat of his virtue? What prosperity can compensate the plundering of a man's heart? "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" sooner or later every man will find it so.

With what dismay would Esau have sorrowed for a lost birthright, had he lost also the pitiful mess of pottage for which he sold it? With what double despair would Judas have clutched at death, if he had not obtained even the thirty pieces of silver which were to pay his infamy? And with what utter confusion will all dishonest men who

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were learning of the devil to defraud other men, find, at length, that he was giving his most finished lesson of deception—by cheating them, and making poverty and disgrace the only fruit of the lies and frauds which were framed for profit! “Getting treasure by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.”

Men have only looked upon the beginning of a career when they pronounce upon the profitableness of dishonesty. Many a ship goes gayly out of harbor which never returns again. That only is a good voyage which brings home the richly-freighted ship. God explicitly declares that an inevitable curse of dishonesty shall fall upon the criminal himself, or upon his children: “He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor. His children are far from safety, and they are crushed in the gate. Neither is there any to deliver them; the robber swalloweth up their substance.”

Iniquities, whose end is dark as midnight, are permitted to open bright as the morning; the most poisonous bud unfolds with brilliant colors. So the threshold of perdition is burnished till it glows like the gate of Paradise. “There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.” This is dishonesty described to the life. At first you look down

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upon a smooth and verdant path, covered with flowers, perfumed with odors and overhung with fruits and grateful shade. Its long perspective is illusive, for it ends quickly in a precipice, over which you pitch into irretrievable ruin.

For the sources of this inevitable disaster we need look no farther than the effect of dishonesty upon a man's own mind. The difference between cunning and wisdom is the difference between acting by the certain and immutable laws of nature and acting by the shifts of temporary expedients. An honest man puts his prosperity upon the broad current of those laws which govern the world. A crafty man means to pry between them, to steer across them, to take advantage of them. An honest man steers by God's chart, and a dishonest man by his own. Which is the most liable to perplexities and fatal mistakes of judgment? Wisdom steadily ripens to the end; cunning is worm-bitten, and soon drops from the tree.

I could repeat the names of many men (every village has such, and they swarm in cities) who are skillful, indefatigable, but audaciously dishonest; and, for a time, they seemed going straight forward to the realm of wealth. I never knew a single one to avoid ultimate ruin. Men who act under dishonest passions are like men riding fierce horses. It is not always with the rider when

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or where he shall stop. If, for his sake, the steed dashes wildly on while the road is smooth, so, turning suddenly into a rough and dangerous way, the rider must go madly forward for the steed's sake—now chafed, his mettle up, his eyes afire, and beast and burden, like a bolt speeding through the air, until some bound or sudden fall tumble both to the ground, a crushed and mangled mass.

A man pursuing plain ends by honest means may be "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." But those that pursue their advantage by a round of dishonesties, "when fear cometh as a desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish come upon them, . . . shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices; for the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools destroy them."

6. The Bible overflows with warnings to those who gain wealth by violent extortion, or by any flagrant villany. Some men stealthily slip from under them the possessions of the poor. Some beguile the simple and heedless of their patrimony. Some tyrannize over ignorance, and extort from it its fair domains. Some steal away the senses and intoxicate the mind, the more readily and largely to cheat; some set their

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traps in all the dark places of men's adversity, and prowl for wrecks all along the shores on which men's fortunes go to pieces. Men will take advantage of extreme misery to wring it with more griping tortures, and compel it to the extremest sacrifices; and stop only when no more can be borne by the sufferer, or nothing more extracted by the usurer. The earth is as full of avaricious monsters as the tropical forests are of beasts of prey. But amid all the lions and tigers and hyenas is seen the stately bulk of three huge BEHEMOTHS.

The first BEHEMOTH is that incarnate fiend who navigates the ocean to traffic in human misery and freight with the groans and tears of agony. Distant shores are sought with cords and manacles, villages surprised with torch and sword, and the loathsome ship swallows what the sword and the fire have spared. By night and day the voyage speeds, and the storm spares wretches more relentless than itself. The wind wafts and the sun lights the path for a ship whose log is written in blood. Hideous profits, dripping red, even at this hour, lure these infernal miscreants to their remorseless errands. The thirst of gold inspires such courage, skill, and cunning vigilance that the thunders of four allied navies cannot sink the infamous fleet.

What wonder? Just such a BEHEMOTH of

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rapacity stalks among us, and fattens on the blood of our sons. Men there are who, without a pang or gleam of remorse, will coolly wait for character to rot, and health to sink, and means to melt, that they may suck up the last drop of the victim's blood. Our streets are full of reeling wretches whose bodies and manhood and souls have been crushed and put to the press, that monsters might wring out of them a wine for their infernal thirst. The agony of midnight massacre, the frenzy of the ship's dungeon, the living death of the middle passage, the wails of separation, and the dismal torpor of hopeless servitude—are these found only in the piracy of the slave trade? They are all among us! Worse assassinations! Worse dragging to a prison ship! Worse groans ringing from the fetid hold! Worse separations of families! Worse bondage of intemperate men, enslaved by that most inexorable of all taskmasters, sensual habit!

The third BEHEMOTH is seen lurking among the Indian savages, and bringing the arts of learning and the skill of civilization to aid in plundering the debauched barbarian. The cunning, murdering, scalping Indian is no match for the Christian white man. Compared with the midnight knavery of men reared in schools, rocked by religion, tempered and taught by the humane institutions of liberty and civilization, all the craft

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of the savage is twilight. Vast estates have been accumulated without having an honest farthing in them. Our penitentiaries might be sent to school to the treaty-grounds and council-grounds. Smugglers and swindlers might humble themselves in the presence of Indian traders. All the crimes against property known to our laws flourish with unnatural vigor, and some unknown to civilized villany. To swindle ignorance, to overreach simplicity, to lie without scruple to any extent, from mere implication down to perjury; to tempt the savages to rob each other, and to receive their plunder; to sell goods at incredible prices to the sober Indian, then to intoxicate him, and steal them all back by a sham bargain, to be sold again and stolen again; to employ falsehood, lust, threats, whisky, and even the knife and the pistol; in short, to consume the Indian's substance by every vice and crime possible to an unprincipled heart inflamed with an insatiable rapacity, unwatched by justice, and unrestrained by law—this it is to be an Indian trader. I would rather inherit the bowels of Vesuvius, or make my bed in Etna, than own those estates which have been scalped off from human beings as the hunter strips a beaver of its fur! Of all these, of all who gain possessions by extortion and robbery, never let yourself be envious! “I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the

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prosperity of the wicked. Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression. They have set their mouth against the heaven, and their tongue walketh through the earth. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary. Surely, thou didst set them in slippery places! Thou castedst them down into destruction as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their image!"

I would not bear their heart who have so made money, were the world a solid globe of gold, and mine. I would not stand for them in the judgment, were every star of heaven a realm of riches, and mine. I would not walk with them the burning marl of hell, to bear their torment, and utter their groans, for the throne of God itself.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter. Riches bought with guile, God will pay for with vengeance. Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mine. Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory, in their own

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wasteful habits, in drawing around them all bad men to be their companions.

While I do not discourage your search for wealth, I warn you that it is not a cruise upon level seas and under bland skies. You advance where ten thousand are broken in pieces before they reach the mart; where those who reach it are worn out, by their labors, past enjoying their riches. You seek a land pleasant to the sight, but dangerous to the feet; a land of fragrant winds, which lull to security; of golden fruits which are poisonous; of glorious hues, which dazzle and mislead.

You may be rich and be pure; but it will cost you a struggle. You may be rich and go to heaven; but ten, doubtless, will sink beneath their riches, where one breaks through them to heaven. If you have entered this shining way, begin to look for snares and traps. Go not careless of your danger, and provoking it. See, on every side of you, how many there are who seal God's word with their blood:

"They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

THE PARASITE WASTE.

From "The Wastes and Burdens of Society."

A parasite is an animal organized to get its living out of somebody else. It does not work; it sucks for a living. Of course, you know what a vegetable parasite is, the red spider, and the green aphid and aphides everywhere; we know what animal parasites are, intestinal or exterior; but the worst parasites in the world are human parasites, and society is full of them. All healthy men, competent to work, but unwilling, who live upon society without giving an equivalent, I call parasites. The young man has had some ambition; he has run through his active energies, and he loiters about the streets, morning and noon and night, and picks up a living, Providence may know how. At last, he comes to that condition in which, having chanced one day in church, to hear, from the noble old Book: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Off he goes to his aunt, and lives on her after that. All vicious men, and men that come to the legitimate results of vice, all criminal men that forsake industries and live by warfare, open or secret, I call parasites. These that become the offscouring of communities, that ichorously drop from stage to stage, and at the bottom form a malarious mud—

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these parasites of society are wasters ; and I have a right to denounce vice and crime and all the courses that lead to them, not alone upon high moral principle, not alone upon mere schedules of morality, but because they are my enemies, and your enemies, and they bleed us and suck us ; they are vermin that infest our bodies and our families. And, if these classes are vicious, criminal, and parasitic, how much more are they that make them, those whose very trade and livelihood consist in making vicious and criminal parasites in a community ? The men that make drunkards are worse than the drunkards. The men that make gamblers are worse than the gamblers. The men that furnish lust, with its material, are worst than those that are overcome by the lust.

And yet, when we preach a doctrine of restriction, and ask for laws that should hold in these parasites of society, what a clamor is raised ! We are interfering with the liberty of men ; they have a right to support their families. Especially, they say, "What has a minister got to do with this business ? Why does not he attend to preaching the gospel of peace ? Why does he come out and interfere with the avocations of men in society ?" I was a citizen before I was a minister, and I do it as a man and citizen, not as a professional minister ; yet I would do it that way rather than let it go undone,

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for I am one of those who do not believe in that kind of minister that seems to be a cross between a man and a woman. There was a time when a man with a hectic cheek and sunken eye was supposed to be near heaven, and fitted to teach men and young men in the proportion in which he was going to the grave himself. Times are changed, and now men are robust and strong, open-eyed men, and they are ministers because they are men, and have practical, humane thoughts and sympathies, living among men as men, and not lifted above men on some velvet shelf, where, by reason of their mere externals, they are considered above and better than the average of human nature. Either way, I think it is the duty of every moral teacher to scourge the makers of vices and the makers of crimes, and the men that invalidate the health or morality of the great body of the community. And there is another reason why I have a right to speak out. You declare that I have no right to meddle with other people's business. No; but I have a right to take care of my own business. My sons and daughters are dear to me, and, when men do wrong about them by lures and temptations and snares, for humanity's sake, as well as for parental affection and love, I have a right to interfere.

And I hold that that is a sphere in which, above all others, a woman has a right to in-

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terfere. What are called woman's rights are simply the rights of human beings, and, before a woman can do right and well in the direction of humanity and virtue, she has a right to vote. In our land, the vote is rapidly becoming the magister, as things go with us, and more and more throughout all civilized countries the power of the vote is increasing. I hold that a woman has the right to vote; but, if you withhold from her on any considerations of supposed propriety voting for the remote questions of civility, there is one sphere where a woman is not allowed to vote, and where she ought to have a vote. She brings forth children in pain, she spends and squanders her life on them, bringing them up from infancy and helplessness to manhood and strength; and, if there is one creature on the earth that has a right to vote what sort of school there should be in a district, what teacher should be there, for how many months it should be kept open, what should be taught in it—if there is one person who has a right to speak of the gambling dens and drinking hells that are round about her family, it is the mother of the children; and, in all police relations, and educational matters, and everything that touches the virtue and morality of society, our civilization will not be perfected until it should be, as it is in religion, that man and woman stand before God equal and alike.

The Waste of Misfits.

There is another aspect of this matter of the criminal classes that is worthy a moment's consideration. It is industry that pays for laziness; it is virtue that pays for vice; it is law-abiding and God-fearing men that pay for unprincipled men's misdeeds. All the waste of society is made up by the virtuous elements in it. I am taxed, you are taxed, heavily—taxed not for humanity in the care of the disabled poor—that tax we pay cheerfully—but you are taxed, and I am taxed, for the ignorance, for the vice, for the crime, for the laziness, of all the parasitic forces of human society. I am content when I am taxed by our law that applies equally to every one, but the pickpocket has no right to put his hand in my pocket, and the grogseller has no right to levy taxes on me. The vices of society are the most arrogant of tax-gatherers; they lay the imposts themselves; they themselves declare how much men shall pay; they collect it themselves; you stand by, and pay for the devil's wages.

THE WASTE OF MISFITS.

From "The Wastes and Burdens of Society."

One thing is very certain, that no man can do his best work except along the line of his strongest faculties. Sometimes men do not know what the line of their strongest

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faculties is, and very often nobody else knows. And yet, when you look at society, and the adaptations of men, this misfit of men to function is very pitiful. The best strength of men is wasted often. There are men most conscientious, most serenely sweet and pure, and pious, digging and delving away in the pulpit where they are not fitted to be. A man that is fitted for the pulpit is a man that has the genius of moral ideas, and there are a great many men that have not the genius of moral ideas, or any other, and yet they are in the pulpit. I can say this with the more boldness here, as I have so many ministers present.

But, did it ever occur to you that, of all the mysteries in this world, the greatest are not religious mysteries, not the Trinity, not Atonement, not decrees, not election, not any of these things? The mystery of this world is how men were created and shoved on to this globe, and let alone. Whatever has been revealed in Old or New Testament that tells of man, is that he has got a brain, and that it is a seat of intelligence, but it has been only within my memory that men have been taught that brains were of any use. Hundreds of men do not believe it yet. Ages went away before a man knew what the heart was for, or what it was doing. Men were not told in the early day, neither by writing on the heavens nor by words spoken

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by the prophet, nor was it made known by any philosophy, what the structure of their own bodies was, and the relation of their bodily condition to the outward world, which itself also was a wilderness of ideas. They had no idea of what was its organization; they were left as perfectly helpless as a child in the nursery, and it was through hundreds and thousands of years that men groped and groped and died, when the medicine was right under their feet in the vegetable world; although there was the remedy, no voice told them of it. What if I put a child on the footboard of a locomotive, and say: "Run this Flying Dutchman five hundred miles, and it will be death if you come to any accident." The human body is a more complicated piece of machinery than any engine, yet for ages and ages, until our day, men have had no considerable insight either into their own structure, or into the relations of the physical world, or into the highest problems that belong to morality or religion.

And, even now, when a young man of fifteen or sixteen wants to know what he is fit for, who can tell him? He goes to the doctor, who sounds his heart and lungs, and says: "You are healthy." "Well, what should a healthy young man do?" "Oh, you had better go to the schoolmaster." The schoolmaster says: "Are you advanced in mathematics? Do you know something

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about history and political economy?" "Yes; what would you recommend me to do for my livelihood?" "Well, anything that happens to come to hand." He can give him no direction. He goes to the minister, and his minister says to him: "Have you been baptized? Do you say your prayers every morning and night? Do you believe in the creed?" "Well, sir, what do you recommend me to do as my life business?" "Well, I commend you to Providence." The minister is as ignorant as the man is—the blind leading the blind. In this condition of things, is it strange that men should take to their professions, not from an elective affinity, not because they feel an impulse to run along the lines of their strongest faculties, but from ambition, and from the promise of gain, and from misguiding love? Here is a man, a bricklayer, and he has organized industry and acquired great wealth, and his family increases amain. His eldest son they set up in business, and he has inherited from his father business tact. The second son grows up, and the mother says: "Well, now, James is a very conscientious boy, and I think we had better make a lawyer of him." They do, and he utterly fails. They say: "William? William seems to have parts, and has an interest in nature; I think we had better make him a doctor. That is a very respectable calling; we will make a doctor of

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William. As to Thomas, he is a good boy ; he is not very strong in body, and he is not so bright in mind as the other children, but he would make a good minister," and so the parental idea is not "What are my children fitted for?" but "What is respectable? What will give them standing in the opinion of their fellowmen?" And so, men are perpetually going to things that are above their capacity, and other men in various conditions of life are toiling in spheres that are below their capacity. What if a farmer should harness greyhounds together and plow with them? What if racing on the track was to be made by oxen? An ox is for strength, a greyhound for speed; but men are greyhounds where they ought to be oxen, and oxen where they ought to be greyhounds, all their lives. How should they know? By their blunders, mostly. How often most admirable men of ideas are mere copyists! They generate thought, they have latent poetry in them, they have latent inspirations; if they had been put in the right avenues, and under the right inspirations, these men would have been great thinkers, and their life like the outpouring of music. And there are men on the judges' bench, holding the court, who would have made good and excellent farmers, and not a few men in the blacksmith forge, and in the stithy, or in the mines, who would have been

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excellent citizens ; but they are all mixed up like a keg of nails. There is many a laboring man that would have made a good exhorter and a good preacher, and there are many preachers that evidently were not "called." When God calls a man to preach, He always calls an audience to go and hear him. There is many a man thinks he has heard a call, and doubtless he did, but it was somebody else's call. I think I do not err when I say that one-half of the energy of life is badly applied, and that, too, which is adapted for the superior functions of human life. There has got to be a great light arise in that direction.

THE WASTE OF LYING.

From "The Wastes and Burdens of Society."

Then, the next great mischief, which you will hear gratefully, because we always like to hear the faults discussed which we do not find in ourselves, is lying. Craft is the remainder of the animal life that inheres in man, for weakness in the presence of strength is obliged to resort to craft, to dig under, to go sideways. Concealment belongs to weakness in the presence of despotic strength. Slavery always produces lying subjects, and in the struggle for life among men the weak seek to make up their deficiencies of strength by craft. And it is not always the weak, either, that do it, for

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men have an impression that truth, pure and unadulterated, is like twenty-two carat gold, too soft to wear ordinarily, and that it must be adulterated to about eighteen carat, and then it is tough enough to go. They say a judicious mixture between a truth and a lie is the true currency, and they do not believe in truth. On no subject in this world is there a greater lack of faith than truth. You may have faith in the Transfiguration, and faith in immortality, but you have not faith in the safety of telling the truth everywhere and always. I am one of those that believe the truth ought to be told whenever you tell anything. It is not necessary that a man should always tell everything; but, whatever he tells, it is necessary that that should always be truth. A man has a right to concealment. The soul has no more business to go stark naked down the street than a man has to go stark naked as regards his body. It is the preservation of social life and of individual life, and the man that has not a great silence in him, a great reserve in him, is not half a man—he is a babbler; he leaks at the mouth. All this talk about benevolent lies, white lies, and the customary lies of society, I abhor the whole raff of it. But men say: "Would you advise a physician to tell a man that he is going straight down to death?" He will have to die, and lying will not prevent it. "But, suppose a

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man were to come to your house for protection, and you conceal him there, and the soldiers are right after him in times of civil war, and they asked: 'Has So-and-so been here?' would you say: 'Yes, he was here ten hours ago; we gave him a glass of milk; he is in the forest; go after him and get him;' or would you say: 'The man is hid in the house now?' Men say: 'Would you betray him? Don't you think it is right to lie for benevolence?' No. I do not. "Would you tell the truth to a robber, when the life of your children depended upon it?" Probably not; but that has nothing to do with the principle. I may be weak enough to tell a lie; but that does not justify a lie, nor me in telling it; and, when a man appeals to the weakness of a man to justify a lie, you do not advance in any way toward the truth. I hold that the hardest thing in this world is for a man habitually to tell the truth. A man who tells the truth is like a man who lives in a glass house, and everybody that goes by sees what he is doing there. A man that tells the truth has to be very symmetrical in his character; he has got to be really a good man, and righteous, or he cannot afford to tell the truth.

Now, the political economy of the matter is this, that lying disintegrates society. Men are united together in the great interests of human life by trust. On an average, they

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believe when a man says a thing; when he says he has done a thing, they take it for granted. We could not live if we could not believe in men. "William, have you deposited those checks in the bank?" "Yes, sir, I have." "Maybe he has, maybe he has not; I will go round to the bank and see." "Has my clerk deposited checks for one thousand pounds in the bank to-day?" "Yes," says the cashier, "he has." "But there may be a collusion between him and some of the bank officers; I will go inside and see." "Is your cashier to be believed when he says my clerk has deposited one thousand pounds?" If a man had to do all that circumlocution in his business, he would not have time to do anything else but to look round. We cannot get organized, combined strength unless a man is trusted, and, the moment a man is known not to be trusted, there begins the process of separation, and the progress of all human life begins in the belief that men substantially tell the truth. Men say society is full of lies. Yes, it is full of lies. There is a great deal of lying in all sorts of business, except the pulpit; and the philosophy of that is at once exposed as a false philosophy in this, that, if lying were more common than speaking the truth, society would be like a heap of sand—it would fall apart. The cohesion is the belief in men's veracity. The fact is that a lie

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has to have a cutting edge of truth, or it would not be worth anything. It is the truth that works a lie into anything like victory. On the street, in the shop, in the manufactory, on the ship, at home and abroad, the implication is that a man is to be relied upon for his word or bond, and, if you take that away, society goes back into original elements, and is shipwrecked, and everything that tends to separate the confidence of man in man impedes business, and makes it more and more laborious. If you join to this dishonesty—lying and dishonesty—you double the weight of the armor that a man has to carry; thicker walls are needed, multiplied watchers; like the old armor of knights, that weighed more than a man and a horse together, society is obliged to armor itself. I have sometimes thought that, if there might be a miracle in New York, and God should make every man honest and truthful, they would not know one another next day, and the hull would come up many feet in the water. You may not believe it, but I tell you that the permanent prosperity of society is to be derived not from the basilar faculties, but from the coronal. All those influences, therefore, that tend to make the violation of a man's word and pledge easy ought to be swept out of society.

Then, there is a false notion that men are more likely to tell the truth under oath

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than they are without an oath. A man that will not tell the truth without an oath won't tell the truth with an oath. You cannot make a man honest by machinery. There has got to be established in him an automatic honesty, an honesty individual. Therefore, I do not believe in the oaths of our courts. In the old days of superstition, men believed that by a reference to arms on the battlefield God would always decide for the right. That has been exploded, and duels and conflicts for the sake of truth are all gone in the lumber-room of heathendom, as well as the old superstition with regard to a man standing before a mysterious deity, and swearing on the penalty of his soul, when he did not believe he had a soul, and did not believe there was much penalty. And see how oaths have passed into disrepute by the mode of prescribing them. Here is an honest, simple-hearted man, who has never been in a court or through a trial; he comes in rather tremulous, and goes in behind the witness-box. See how the clerk administers the oath to him. He holds out the Bible, as if there was some emanation from the Bible that would make him tell the truth. But some witnesses would not swear and stick to it on a Bible merely; the Bible must have a cross on it; that gives it extra sanctity. Then he is made to kiss it. Was there ever any superstition more abject than that?

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Then the clerk gets up, and says to the man who is waiting to be honest: "In the case of John Doe versus Richard Roe, you swear—mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble." It gradually dawns on him that he is sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Then the judge and the lawyers on each side are determined he shall not tell the truth, and that he shall lie, and, when he goes off the stand, he does not know whether he is on his head or his feet. That is called sifting the evidence.

I do not believe in custom-house oaths. I do not believe in custom houses anyhow. I think they are manufactories of lies. I have got to swear when I go back—I have felt like it many times, but I have got to do it—that I have nothing in my trunks, or about me, contrary to the custom laws of my country. I know nothing about the custom laws of my country; I do not know whether they admit a jackknife. I am wearing all new clothes, so I can say I have nothing but what I wear. It is inherent in the oath that it is morally weak. Every man who has to do with the custom house has a clerk who swears for the firm, who goes down to the custom house, and does the swearing there. These custom-house oaths are simply ridiculous.

But there is another kind of oath, though not quite so frequent, and perhaps not so de-

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moralizing, yet hardly less disgraceful, when a green young man, fresh from the college or the seminary, who has had his theology put into him as sausages are filled, goes before the council, or the conference, or the convention, or whatever may be the machine, and takes oath that he will preach the doctrines of the confession, or of the creed, as they have been interpreted by the Church. For a year or two he does not know anything better than to go on doing it; but, by and by, what, with books and collateral light and intercourse with men, and the progress of science, the man begins to have wider thoughts, and very soon he sees that he cannot preach on that doctrine, so he holds his tongue about it; and there begins to rise from the horizon to him the bright and morning star—yea, it may be the very Sun of Righteousness; but he has taken an oath that he will not preach anything but what is in the book, as if a book ever contained the Lord God Almighty and all creation. What does he do? He compromises, and holds his tongue, or else the conditions of fellowship are such that he sacrifices everything that is dear to a man. All his roots in the past and all social affections bind him to this particular communion; but, for the sake of truth, he suffers himself to be expatriated and cast out, and the world says: "If a man belongs to that denomination, he ought to

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teach what the denomination believes, or leave it," as if there was nothing else than getting a salary—as if a man did not feel that the truth in his hands was the test of his allegiance to Almighty God. Ordination oaths lay men's consciences under bondage, for I hold, and the world will yet agree to it, that a godly life is orthodox, and no orthodoxy that does not carry love behind it is orthodox.

WHAT IS MORAL INTUITION?

From "Conscience."

What is intuitional force? It is a word very much used, "moral intuition." What definition can I give to it? I cannot give any definition to it, but some illustrations of it. It exists in a lower or higher degree, not in regard to right and wrong alone, but in regard to almost every form of thought and feeling. Where any faculty exists in great strength, or where, under particular excitement, it is carried above the level of its ordinary unfolding, it becomes luminous in this sense—that it throws a light before reflection upon the path of reflection. Before thought it guides thought, so that, all the way through life, we find that there is this intermingling on the part of superior organizations or on the part of ordinary organizations in their superior moments—rev-

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elations made to them. The lower forms of mind are simply receptive. The intermediate state of mind is simply that of lower creation; the higher conditions of our mind are luminous conditions; exhortations, promises, spring out of them, foresights spring out of them. Take the ordinary case of music. A man who has in him the genius of music, standing in the midst of an orchestra of one hundred performers, discerns discord—a half tone, or discord even less—and he not only sees it in the vast measure and movement of various instruments, and in the progress of the thought through sound he not only perceives it instantly, but he sees where it came from; he knows the very instrument that produced it. I might stand there years and never dream of it. A man has the artist's temperament, and he sees a picture by Titian just brought to light, and stands before it in almost adoration. "Oh, what color! Why, it seems to flood the picture through and through!" A rude countryman coming in behind him stands and looks at it. "Why, I don't see no color! Why, I've got a picture at home twice as yaller as that and twice as red!" There are a great many such persons. It is said that ignorant people love strong color; that is not the explanation. Ignorant people require strong colors before they see any color at all; but the sensitive organization

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of the artist discerns the lowest tone and all the intermediate grades, the whole schedule of color. That which to a common man seems as if it was not very rude, to a sensitive and exquisitely loving nature is painful to the last degree. It is the higher intuition, the higher judgment of the finer and the larger faculties of the mind or in the larger organizations—it is out of these that come what we call intuitions, and in the lower forms they pervade society. Men judge whether it is safe to trust a man by looking at him, and in that regard we discern what is not discernible. Mary says: “Now, John, I hope you are not going to do business with that man; I don’t like him.” “Why, my dear, did you ever see him?” “No, I never did.” “Well, how do you know anything about him?” “I don’t know, only I would not trust him, and I hope you won’t trust him.” “Well, I shall trust him;” and in about three months he comes back, and some night says, in rather a modest and crestfallen way: “Well, Mary, you were right about that man.” “John, I knew I was right!” Well, she had the perception—I suppose everybody has an atmosphere—chemistry has not analyzed that question yet; but a pure and sensitive woman standing within the atmosphere of a rude, deceitful, or coarse man feels the atmosphere of him. Now, moral intuitions

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belong to that class of experience, so that there be many men that won't do things although everybody else thinks it right; they won't, there is something in them that revolts at it. There are the high-toned and the common, and the low and the vulgar all the way up in every scale of every kind in human life. It is from this practical experience and teaching when we are young, coming to a state of mind in which we can apply a principle to courses of conduct and moral intuitions, the highest of all—it is from these sources that the intellect knows and teaches the emotion or conscience what is right and what is wrong.

The next point that I wish to make is the fact, a subtle one, but a very important one, namely, the fact that conscience acts within the mind according to the law of companionship. A man is said to be known by the company he keeps. That is very true outwardly, it is more true inwardly. A man's character is determined by the company that his faculties choose to keep. If you bisect a man and call the under part basilar, animal, and the upper part social and moral, then the question of which way your higher faculties tend determines very much the man's character. If, for example, a man has a constitutional mirthfulness, and it has by some way or other learned to love the companionship of the animal that is in man, you

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will see that his wit is vulgar; you will see him finding wit where only the phosphorescent light of decay makes it shine. If a man has a conscience that works toward fear, in partnership with fear, you will find it always either a timid conscience, or a cautious conscience, or a conscience that has bad company in the bottom of the brain, as it were. If in the distribution of partnerships that are formed within the mind you find men that have wit, and it works in connection with combativeness and destructiveness, it will be sarcastic, it will be bitter, it will be caustic, whereas, if mirthfulness works in the direction of the imagination and of the intellect it will be bright and cheerful and hopeful. If a man's conscience works with fear he becomes superstitious; if it works with hope he shoots in the other direction continuously, and it is to the last degree of importance that men should know what the conscience is about inside of them. There be many men, we know that they are conscientious, but they are morose, they are ugly; their conscience has got into bad company, it is the animal in them that is inspiring it and directing it, and there be men, on the other hand, whose conscience is luminous, and it works with benevolence and with hope, and they are radiant. Now, the world's history has shown more conscience in the direction of severity, in the direction

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of law, in the direction of wrath. The fact is that as the world has gone hitherto in its higher spheres, conscience has been a gladiator and a murderer, not because it was bad to have, but because it was bad to have in combination with the animal passions and faculties. Were there ever more conscientious men than the men that burned men, broke them on the wheel; that everywhere turned this world through the profession of religion into an aceldama? Conscience! they had conscience enough, but it was a perverted conscience working with bad inspirations from the lower elements in their nature, and so it comes to pass that men are all the time riding their consciences to the devil. There is hardly any strong man that has not got a conscience for what he has to do. Multitudes of men backbite; it is their "duty" to do it. Multitudes of men there are that detract, multitudes of men that slander, multitudes of men that say, "I have a conscience for the truth, the truth at all hazards;" they never seem to have read their Bible through. The Apostle says, "Speaking the truth in love," and the original is stronger than that—"truthing it in love." But there be many men that truth it in bitterness, in envy, in revenge, in anger, and in all malice and uncharitableness. They have consciences—alas, yes—but they are like bulldogs sitting at the door of their

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souls, and snarling at every one who comes who does not belong to the family.

I remark, further, every age is judged by its successors. The child is judged by the man, that is, the ripe judges the unripe. The infant race is judged by the developed race. Permissions and forbiddings increase with development. There are many things that an early race may do that a later race may not; there are many things than an early race cannot do and that a later race can, and therefore is under obligation to do. There is no absolute law, it is always relative to knowledge and capacity, the line of rectitude and of duty. Less animal power is permitted in the later developments, more moral power; less liberty of the animal, more liberty of the reason and of the moral sense. Things are not right now, therefore, which were right once—right only in the sense that outlives. It is right for a child to walk pit-a-pat, but it would be absurd for a full-stretched man to do so. As the race develops they cannot do any better than they can, and the law applied to races is the very law that we apply incessantly to the family. And it works humanely and wisely, and yet there is a strong impression that the further back you go into antiquity, primitive and simple man, the nearer you come to the right rules of life. That lies at the root of all Rousseau's nonsense and of

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that school of which he is the genius. But it did not stop there. There are multitudes of men that think in regard to religion that the early saints were the nearest to heaven. There were some of them that were very near to heaven, but there are a good many early saints that would not be tolerated now. Relative to their conscience and their knowledge it may be said that they certainly had put forth an amount of right intention and of will power; they had put forth an amount which did exalt them above their fellows; but if they were brought into our time I know not what would become of them.

EVOLUTION AND DESIGN.

From "Evolution and Religion."

It is said that evolution has shown one thing very clearly, namely, that the old doctrines of the designs of God in the creation of this world are no longer tenable. Maybe not; perhaps not. It used to be thought: "Why, here is a flower growing right up under the edge of a glacier. What a beautiful design of God to create a flower that should be adapted precisely to this situation!" Whereas comes the Evolutionist, and says: "Everything that was not adapted to it died out, and this is the only thing left, because it is adapted to its situation and circumstances." No design in it, no evidence,

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and so, all through the whole round, things that live, live because they are adapted to their surroundings or "environment," as it is called, and they are thought to be evidence of design. I think they are, too, but not they alone. I hold that the evidence of design is stronger from the standpoint of evolution than it was from the standpoint of special creation. It is not simply an evidence of design by the location of this and that and the other thing, by the combinations between nature and function and condition. Here is a vast system running through the ages, a system that has in general one single tendency, namely, the things that are poor go under, and the things that are better survive, and the better yet still overtop them and go on, and this has been going on through ages and running through vast spheres of dispensation, and all of them working together, and working harmoniously. Is there no evidence of design with regard to this vast system and its tendencies? Here is a man standing in a factory and by great labor he makes a gunstock, and by and by a man invents a lathe which turns out gunstocks, so that, while the other man can make one a day, this can make five hundred a day. I should like to know whether the evidence of skill and design in the man that could make one is not greater in the man that can make a machine that can make

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five hundred. There is a carpet loom, a great power loom, and, when you stand before it, you almost think the thing ought to vote, it looks so intelligent. Now, if you were to see an Oriental woman squatting upon the ground and making exquisite rugs, putting in bits here and there, thrusting in the shuttle once in a while and fixing it, by and by comes out, in glowing colors, a beautiful carpet, you say: "What a magnificent design! Of course, somebody did it." Now, suppose a man can make a machine that can do all this, is not that man a designer much greater than were these women who were making these individual rugs? The man that can create the greater design that is involved in these inferior executions is a greater man than the one that can merely do the inferior things. And the whole development of the method of God in the whole world, when it comes to be looked at from the higher point of view, is itself sublime evidence of design in the creation and in the continuance of this globe.

EVOLUTION AND PRAYER.

From "Evolution and Religion."

Well, the doctrine of evolution or the scientific doctrines that go with it is said to destroy Christian prayer. No, it does not. It leaves it just where it was. "Well," says

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man, "do you suppose that God changes the whole economy of this world in answer to a man's prayer?" I do not, myself; do you? People say the "prayer of faith" would indicate that it does. The "prayer of faith" is a very curious thing. In regard to medicine, it seems to affect everything; people are cured of this, that, and the other thing on the "prayer of faith," but it stops short at surgery. When a man's leg is shot off, if the "prayer of faith" could make another grow, I should be very much inclined to believe in the doctrine; but, where it is easy to have relation to the nervous constitutions of the men and the "prayer of faith" acts upon these nerve centers, I do not understand at all why natural causes should not produce many of the things that men call an answer directly to prayer. But I repudiate this whole view of prayer; it is vulgar, simply vulgar! Why, suppose that you think of prayer, as many people do, as an omnivorous begging—men going to God every day: "Give me something! give me something; give me something; give me something!" You find them at the corner of the street, crying and whining and holding out their hat, with a pernicious blandness, and you will find them in churches doing just the same thing to God, all the while praying for this and praying for that, and giving thanks for this and that. Now,

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I do not object to a man's being grateful in a general way for the providence that supplies his wants ; but I say that this is the merest outskirts, that it bears about as much relation to prayer as a man's body does to his soul and to his inward excellences. Well, suppose I should behold, or some one, at least, should behold, in a wealthy heiress his very ideal of companionship, and, making advances, finds gradual recipience, and little by little he comes to look upon her as angels are looked upon—woe is that man that does not see an angel once in his life, however soon its flight may be taken—in the freshness and exhilaration of a true love he feels that the very atmosphere is blessed ; and the play of thought and emotion in her, it was as if he heard the very choirs of heaven. He stays to look and listen, and then he goes out and meets one of his companions, who says to him : “I say, Jack, have you been to see her to-day?” “I have.” “Did she give you anything?” “No.” Well, suppose the man should say to him : “Is not she rich?” “Of course, she is rich.” “And you think she likes you, too, and you did not ask her for anything ! I'd have asked her ; I'd have got something worth having if I had been in your place.” No, he would not ; he could not have got in his place ; he would have been spurned and rejected by the high-minded and noble woman. The intercourse

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of life is but the faintest emblem of what prayer means, the lifting of ourselves into the conscious presence of the Ideal and the Eternal, and the issuing of our highest and best thought, love, praise, longing, and adoration. These things are the higher conception of prayer, not a species of begging—"Give me something, give me something." We are not forbidden to put ourselves in prayer under the recognition of the general providence of God by which we are supported—"Give us this day our daily bread;" but that is only one sentence in the whole prayer; it is merely a recognition of our relations to God. The prayer that was uttered by Jesus, the prayer that is recorded anywhere by His apostles, is of a higher nature than that. I know that there has been a controversy upon this subject, and I think it to be a very contemptible controversy; it has been proposed that we should start two hospitals, one of which may be a prayer-answering hospital, and the other should be a medical one according to the ordinary application of natural laws, as if that had anything to do with the real question. Can the soul mingle its thought and feeling with the Divine Soul? The animal man cannot answer that, the spiritual man can; and the testimony of men among themselves, the higher men in their higher moments, and with their higher faculties, is that prayer is

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possible ; the interchange of our feeling and life with the Divine life, intersphering ; this is not only profitable, but beyond all other experience, ennobling. Science does not destroy prayer.

EVOLUTION AND SIN.

From "Evolution and Religion."

Now I come a little nearer to a theological ground round about which there has been much controversy. Science does not destroy the doctrine of human sinfulness ; it explains it, it defines it, it throws a clearer light upon it. The old doctrine of sin, which, it seems to me, no man of moral feeling could allow himself to stand on for an hour, or a moment, was that the human race born of their progenitors fell with them, and that the curse of God rested upon the whole human posterity, and that, therefore, all men, by reason of their connection with Adam, are born without original righteousness, without true holiness, and without communion with God. They were born without righteousness and holiness and communion with God, and they were born without everything else, too ; they were born with feet that could not walk, and with hands that could not handle, and with eyes that could not see, and with ears that could not hear ; they were born without arithmetic,

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without grammar; they were born without anything but potential power, with the capacity to come to these things by the process of unfolding; and, when men say the whole human family is born without righteousness, of course it is; that is a thing that belongs to development and to conscious volition later on. Now, what is sin? How would it be defined from the standpoint of sense, if you accept the doctrine of evolution—that, if man was not actually developed from the animal, he was so near to him that he was substantially an animal in his savage state? But, admit for the moment that man was primarily an animal, born and developed from his congeners into a higher state; that there was superinduced upon him a moral element, a spiritual element, a rational element. The animal man was first in order, and too often in strength, in the primitive day, in the early day of every man. And sin lies in the conflict between the upper and the under man. If you want to see the doctrine stated in its most cogent form, read the seventh chapter of Romans, where the conflict is not between a man before he is converted, and, after he is converted, but between the man animal and the man moral and spiritual; where he thinks the highest things, and would fain do the highest things, but is pulled down and dragged under perpetually by the forces of his animal body.

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Sin is the remainder, as it were, of the conflict between man moral and spiritual and man animal and so far degraded. And this gives not simply a rational explanation that every man's reason can perceive; but it takes away the idea from the administration of God that men were cursed in their birth without any fault of their own, and that they were being punished throughout all ages in this world on account of a sin that they never committed. They have had no part nor lot in their great-forefather's temptation and fall, but they have had to have their dividend in that everlasting, increasing and ever-rolling damnation that came to them in consequence of it. Men do not believe it, and I honor them for it. And see what a difference it would make in the preacher, for now when he goes on preaching about the fall of Adam, and posterity all of them falling with him, and that sin was the result of that great fall, men say: "Has not he finished his sermon? he has been preaching now twenty-five minutes?" You do not believe it! But if a man stands before his congregation and says to them: "This is sin, the conflict between your lower nature and your higher, and you know what it is; you know what you ought to do, and you know that the reason you do not do it is the animal temptations and seductions and downfalling." Men hang their heads and say, "It is

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so, it is so;" and you will have an audience with you, and they will believe you, whereas now you have an audience that do not believe you. And the way out of it becomes rational. A man is to be born again; that is, his life is to pass in its strength from its under nature into its higher nature; that is a potency given to a man by which he can change the point and emphasis in his own structure; and whereas to-day he is influenced mainly by considerations of success and by his physical relations to men in the temptations that flow out of his past, it is possible for him to pass into that realm in which he shall be controlled by reason, by sense of morality, and, above all, by the aspirations of his soul for purity, for obedience, for worship, for love, which is the mother of them all. And, therefore, when you preach to a congregation, "You are sinners," you do not need any proof; the things that you would you do not, and the things that you would not that you do; you go out in the morning, purposing to be beneficent and rational, and reasonable, and come back every night, saying, "I lost my temper, and with my temper I lost my good sense;" you go out in the morning, saying, "I will be generous," and you come back at night, saying: "I have been selfish and mean;" every night of a man's conscious experience sits in judgment on the man's

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morning. Every man knows what the reality of that truth is—the everlasting interplay between the under man and upper man, and every man lives, therefore, in the experience of the seventh chapter of Romans. And such a doctrine as this will not only convince men, but will guide them into a higher life and nobler purpose, better than the old historic theology of the mediæval ages, the scholastic theology.

AMERICAN "GO."

From "The Reign of the Common People."

Now, if you cross the sea to our own land, my own land, the land of my fathers, we shall find that there are influences tending to give power to the brain, alertness, quickness, to give to it also a wider scope and range than it has in the average of the laboring classes in Europe. Here and there are communities which, if transplanted on the other shore, will scarcely know that they were not born and brought up there; but this is not true of the great mass of the common people of all Europe. Our climate is stimulating. Shipmasters tell me that they cannot drink in New York as they do in Liverpool. Heaven help Liverpool! There is more oxygen in our air. It has some importance in this, that anything that gives acuteness, vivacity, spring, to the sub-

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stance of the brain prepares it for education and larger intelligence. A dull, watery, sluggish brain may do for a conservative; but God never made them to be the fathers of progress. They are very useful as brakes on the wheel down hill; but they never would draw anything up hill in the world. And yet, in the fanatic influence that tends to give vitality and quickness, force, and continuity to the human brain, lies the foundation for the higher style of manhood, and although it is not to be considered as a primary and chief cause of smartness, if you will allow that word, yet it is one among others. And then, when the child is born on the other side, he is born into an atmosphere of expectation. He is not out of the cradle before he learns that he has got to earn his own living; he is hereditarily inspired with the idea of money. Sometimes, when I see babies in the cradle apparently pawing the air, I think that they are making change in their own minds of future bargains. But this has great force as an educating element in early childhood: "You will be poor if you do not exert yourself;" and at every future stage it lies with each man what his condition in society is to be.

This becomes a very powerful developer of the cerebral mass, and from it comes intelligence and power of intellect. And then,

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upside of that, when he goes into life the whole style of society tends toward intense cerebral excitability. For instance, as to business, I find in London that you may go down at nine o'clock and there is nobody in the office, at ten o'clock the clerks are there, at eleven o'clock some persons do begin to appear. By that time the Yankees have got half through the day. And it is in excess; it is carried to a fault; for men there are ridden by two demons. They desire excessive property—I do not know that they are much distinguished from their ancestors—they desire more than enough for the uses of the family, and when a man wants more money than he can use, he wants too much. But they have the ambition of property, which is accursed, or should be. Property may be used in large masses to develop property, and co-ordinated estates may do work that single estates cannot do; I am not, therefore, speaking of vast enterprises like railroads and factories. But the individual man thinks in the beginning, "If I could only make myself worth a hundred thousand dollars, I should be willing to retire from business." Not a bit of it. A hundred thousand dollars is only an index of five hundred thousand; and when he has come to five hundred thousand he is like Moses—and very unlike him—standing on the top of the mountain and looking over the promised

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land, and he says to himself: "A million! a million!" and a million draws another million, until at last he has more than he can use, more than is useful for him, and he won't give it away—not till after his death. That is cheap benevolence. Well, this is the first element of mistake among large classes of commercial life in America.

The second is, they want it suddenly. They are not willing to say, "For forty years I will lay gradually the foundations, and build the golden stores one above another." No; they want grass lands. They want to win by gambling, for that is gambling when a man wants money without having given a fair equivalent for it. And so they press nature to her utmost limits till the very diseases of our land are changing; men are dropping dead with heart disease; men are dropping dead—it is paralysis; men are dropping dead—it is Bright's disease. Ah! it is the violence done to the brain by excessive industry, through excessive hours, and through excessive ambition, which is but another name for excessive avarice.

Essays.

ESSAYS.

A DISCOURSE OF FLOWERS.

Happy is the man that loves flowers! Happy, even if it be a love adulterated with vanity and strife. For human passions nestle in flower lovers too. Some employ their zeal chiefly in horticultural competitions, or in the ambition of floral shows. Others love flowers as curiosities, and search for novelties, for "sports," and vegetable monstrosities. We have been led through costly collections by men whose chief pleasure seemed to be in the effect which their treasures produced on others, not on themselves. Their love of flowers was only the love of being praised for having them. But there is a choice in vanities and ostentations. A contest of roses is better than of horses. We had rather be vain of the best tulip, dahlia, or ranunculus, than of the best shot. Of all fools, a floral fool deserves the eminence.

But these aside, blessed be the man that really loves flowers!—loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends, and companions, if there

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was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them! But such men need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God! Did He not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world, and the richest of all men?

It is the end of art to inoculate men with the love of nature. But those who have a passion for nature in the natural way, need no pictures nor galleries. Spring is their designer, and the whole year their artist.

He who only does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness. Were flowers fit to eat or drink, were they stimulative of passions, or could they be gambled with like stocks and public consciences, they would take them up just where finer minds would drop them, who love them as revelations of God's sense of beauty, as addressed to the taste, and to something finer and deeper than taste, to that power within us which spiritualizes matter, and communes with God through His work, and not for their paltry market value.

Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There be some who think that no weed can

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be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wildly and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest. Flowers growing in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Road-side flowers, ineradicable, and hardly beyond all discouragement, lose themselves from our sense of delicacy and protection. And, generally, there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine, minutely, a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

If a plant be uncouth, it has no attractions to us simply because it has been brought from the ends of the earth and is a "great rarity;" if it has beauty, it is none the less, but a great deal more attractive to us, because it is common. A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes who could have no flowers were nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea, or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

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At any rate, while we lose no fondness for eminent and accomplished flowers, we are conscious of a growing respect for the floral democratic throng. There is, for instance, the mullein, of but little beauty in each floweret, but a brave plant, growing cheerfully and heartily out of abandoned soils, ruffling its root about with broad-palmed, generous, velvet leaves, and erecting therefrom a towering spire that always inclines us to stop for a kindly look. This fine plant is left, by most people, like a decayed old gentleman, to a good-natured pity. But in other countries it is a flower, and called the "American velvet plant."

We confess to a homely enthusiasm for clover—not the white clover, beloved of honey bees—but the red clover. It holds up its round, ruddy face and honest head with such rustic innocence! Do you ever see it without thinking of a sound, sensible, country lass, sun-browned and fearless, as innocence always should be? We go through a field of red clover like Solomon in a garden of spices.

There is the burdock, too, with its prickly rosettes, that has little beauty or value, except (like some kind, brown, good-natured nurses) as an amusement to children, who manufacture baskets, houses, and various marvelous utensils, of its burrs. The thistle is a prince. Let any man that has an eye

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for beauty take a view of the whole plant, and where will he see more expressive grace and symmetry; and where is there a more kingly flower? To be sure, there are sharp objections to it in a bouquet. Neither is it a safe neighbor to the farm, having a habit of scattering its seeds like a very heretic. But most gardeners feel toward a thistle as boys toward a snake; and farmers, with more reason, dread it like a plague. But it is just as beautiful as if it were a universal favorite.

What shall we say of mayweed, irreverently called dog-fennel by some? Its acrid juice, its heavy pungent odor, make it disagreeable; and being disagreeable, its enormous Malthusian propensities to increase render it hateful to damsels of white stockings, compelled to walk through it on dewy mornings. Arise, O scythe, and devour it!

The buttercup is a flower of our childhood, and very brilliant in our eyes. Its strong color, seen afar off, often provoked its fate; for through the mowing lot we went after it, regardless of orchard grass and herd grass, plucking down its long, slender stems crowned with golden chalices, until the father, covetous of hay, shouted to us: "Out of that grass! out of that grass! you rogue!"

The first thing that defies the frost in

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spring is the chickweed. It will open its floral eye and look the thermometer in the face at 32 degrees; it leads out the snow-drop and crocus. Its blossom is diminutive; and no wonder, for it begins so early in the season that it has little time to make much of itself. But, as a harbinger and herald, let it not be forgotten.

You cannot forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called dandelions. There are many greenhouse blossoms less pleasing to us than these. And we have reached through many a fence, since we were incarcerated, like them, in a city, to pluck one of these yellow flower drops. Their passing away is more spiritual than their bloom. Nothing can be more airy and beautiful than the transparent seed-globe—a fairy dome of splendid architecture.

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks, who used to love them. Morning-glories—or, to call them by their city name, the convolvulus—need no praising. The vine, the leaf, the exquisite vase-formed flower, the delicate and various colors, will secure it from neglect while taste remains. Grape blossoms and mignonette do not appeal to the eye; and if they were selfish no

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man would care for them. Yet, because they pour their life out in fragrance they are always loved, and, like homely people with noble hearts, they seem beautiful by association. Nothing that produces constant pleasure in us can fail to seem beautiful. We do not need to speak for that universal favorite—the rose! As a flower is the finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers! Yet, in the feast of ever-blooming roses, and of double roses, we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity, as manifested in the wild, single rose. When a man can look upon the simple, wild rose and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit trees. What a great heart an apple tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossom there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet. It gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom. We will praise this virtuous tree. Not beautiful in form, often clumpy, cragged, and rude; but it is glorious in beauty when efflorescent. Nor is it a beauty only at a distance and in the mass. Pluck down a twig and examine as closely as you will; it will bear the nearest looking.

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The simplicity and purity of the white expanded flower, the half-open buds slightly blushed, the little pink-tipped buds unopen, crowding up together like rosy children around an elder brother or sister, can anything surpass it? Why here is a cluster more beautiful than any you can make up artificially, even if you select from the whole garden! Wear this family of buds for my sake. It is all the better for being common. I love a flower that all may have; that belongs to the whole, and not to a select and exclusive few. Common, forsooth! a flower cannot be worn out by much looking at, as a road is by much travel.

How one exhales and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill-sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing, or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of anything, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material thing

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touches the immaterial; it is the sentient vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life. A leaf advances toward it; and some leaves are as fine as flowers, and have, moreover, a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed, they are more lifelike than many animals. We commune with flowers—we go to them if we are sad or glad; but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel, as if real life was not half so real as imaginary life. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle! Oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!

When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down into a deep, leaf-covered cavity—birds' notes, especially at night; children's voices as you ride into a village at dusk, far from your long-absent home and quite

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homesick; or a flute heard from out of a forest, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moonlighted air; or the low conversations of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room where you are convalescing—when we think of these things we are apt to imagine that nothing is perfect that has not the gift of sound. But we change our mind when we dwell lovingly among flowers; for they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light and not of air.

It is with flowers as with friends. Many may be loved, but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in the wood, laurel bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you. But they are color and form only. They seem strangers to you. You have no memories reposed in them. They bring back nothing from time. They point to nothing in the future. But a wild brier starts a genial feeling. It is the country cousin of the rose; and that has always been your pet. You have nursed it, and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others. You remember it as a mother's favorite; it speaks to you of your own childhood—that white

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rosebush that snowed, in the corner, by the door; that generous bush that blushed red in the garden with a thousand flowers, whose gorgeousness was among the first things that drew your childish eye, and which always comes up before you when you speak of childhood. You remember, too, that your mother loved roses. As you walked to church she plucked off a bud and gave you, which you carried because you were proud to do as she did. You remember how, in the listening hour of sermon, her roses fell neglected on her lap—and how you slyly drew one and another of them; and how, when she came to, she looked for them under her handkerchief, and on the floor, until, spying the ill-repressed glee of your face, she smiled such a look of love upon you as made a rose for ever after seem to you as if it smiled a mother's smile. And so a wild rose, a prairie rose, or a sweet-brier, that at evening fills the air with odor (a floral nightingale whose song is perfume), greets you as a dear and intimate friend. You almost wish to get out, as you travel, and inquire after their health, and ask if they wish to send any messages by you to their town friends.

But no flower can be so strange, or so new, that a friendliness does not spring up at once between you. You gather them up along your rambles; and sit down to make

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their acquaintance on some shaded bank with your feet over the brook, where your shoes feed their vanity as in a mirror. You assort them; you question their graces; you enjoy their odor; you range them on the grass in a row and look from one to another; you gather them up, and study a fit gradation of colors, and search for new specimens to fill the degrees between too violent extremes. All the while, and it is a long while, if the day be gracious and leisure ample, various suggestions and analogies of life are darting in and out of your mind. This flower is like some friend; another reminds you of mignonette and mignonette always makes you think of such a garden and mansion where it enacted some memorable part; and that flower conveys some strange and unexpected resemblance to certain events of society; this one is a bold soldier; that one is a sweet lady dear—the white flowering bloodroot, trooping up by the side of a decaying log, recalls to your fancy a band of white-bannered knights; and so your pleased attention strays through a thousand vagaries of fancy, or memory, or vaticinating hope.

Yet, these are not home flowers. You did not plant them. You have not screened them. You have not watched their growth, plucked away voracious worms, or nibbling bugs; you have not seen them in the same places year after year, children of your care

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and love. Around such there is an artificial life, an associational beauty, a fragrance and grace of the affections, that no wild flowers can have.

It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's, or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it cannot but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours. You have books, or gems, or services, that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little, and do but little. Were it not for flowers they would be shut out from those exquisite pleasures which spring from such gifts. I

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never take one from a child, or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers!

And then, when death enters a poor man's house! It may be the child was the only creature that loved the unbefriended father—really loved him; loved him utterly. Or, it may be, it is an only son, and his mother a widow—who, in all his sickness, felt the limitation of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would, had there been wealth. The coffin is pine. The undertaker sold it with a jerk of indifference and haste, lest he should lose the selling of a rosewood coffin, trimmed with splendid silver screws. The room is small. The attendant neighbors are few. The shroud is coarse. Oh, the darling child was fit for whatever was most excellent, and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen; money for costly sepulture. But flowers, thank God, the poorest may have. So, put white buds in the hair, and honeydew, and mignonette, and half-blown roses on the breast. If it be spring, a few white violets will do; and there is not a month till November that will not give you something. But if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be

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buried without a flower; for flowers cost money in the winter!

And then, if you cannot give a stone to mark his burial place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, every spring, pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you. And if it brings tears for the past, you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection—when that which perished here shall revive again, never more to droop or to die.

TROUTING.

Where shall we go? Here is the More brook, the upper part running through bushy and wet meadows, but the lower part flowing transparently over the gravel, through the pasture grounds near the edge of the village. With great ingenuity, it curves and winds and ties itself into bow-knots. It sets out with an intention of flowing toward the south. But it lingers on its errand to coquette with each point of the compass, and changes its mind, at length, just in time to rush eastward into the Housatonic. It is a charming brook to catch trout in, when you catch them; but they are mostly caught. Nevertheless, there are here in Salisbury, as in every village, those mysterious men who are in league with fish,

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and can catch them by scores when no one else can get a nibble. It is peculiarly satisfactory to one's feelings to have waded, watched, and fished with worm, grasshopper, and fly, for half a day, for one poor feeble little trout and four dace, and at evening to fall in with a merry negro, who informs you, with a concealed mirth in his eye, and a most patronizing kindness, that he has been to the same brook and has caught three dozen trout, several of them weighing half a pound! We will not try that stream to-day.

Well, there is the Candy brook. We will look at that. A man might walk through the meadows and not suspect its existence, unless through the grass he first stepped into it! The grass meets over the top of it, and quite hides it through the first meadow; and below, through that iron-tinctured marsh-land, it expands only a little, growing open-hearted by degrees across a narrow field; and then it runs for the thickets—and he that takes fish among those alders will certainly earn them. Yet, for its length, it is not a bad brook. The trout are not numerous, nor large, nor especially fine; but every one you catch renews your surprise that you should catch any in such a ribbon of a brook.

It is the upper part of the brook that is most remarkable, where it flows through mowing meadows, a mere slit, scarcely a

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foot wide, and so shut in by grass, that at two steps' distance you cannot tell where it flows, though your ear hears the low, sweet gurgle of its waters down some pet waterfall. Who ever dreamed of fishing in the grass? Yet, as you cautiously spy out an opening between the redtop and foxtail, to let your hook through, you seem to yourself very much like a man fishing in an orchard. One would almost as soon think of casting his line into a haymow, or of trying for a fish behind winrows or haycocks in a meadow! Yet, if the wind is only still, so that the line shall hang plumb down, we can, by some dexterity, drop the bait between grass, leaves, and spikes of aquatic flowers. No sooner does it touch the invisible water than the line cuts open the grass and rushes through weeds, borne off by your speckled victim.

Still further north is another stream, something larger, and much better or worse according to your luck. It is easy of access, and quite unpretending. There is a bit of a pond, some twenty feet in diameter, from which it flows; and in that there are five or six half-pound trout, who seem to have retired from active life and given themselves to meditation in this liquid convent. They were very tempting, but quite untemptable. Standing afar off, we selected an irresistible fly, and with long line we

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sent it pat into the very place. It fell like a snowflake. No trout should have hesitated a moment. The morsel was delicious. The nimblest of them should have flashed through the water, broke the surface, and with a graceful but decisive curve plunged downward, carrying the insect with him. Then we should, in our turn, very cheerfully, lend him a hand, relieve him of his prey, and, admiring his beauty but pitying his untimely fate, bury him in the basket. But he wished no translation. We cast our fly again and again; we drew it hither and thither; we made it skip and wriggle; we let it fall plash like a blundering bug or fluttering moth; and our placid spectators calmly beheld our feats, as if all this skill was a mere exercise for their amusement, and their whole duty consisted in looking on and preserving order.

Next, we tried ground bait, and sent our vermicular hook down to their very sides. With judicious gravity they parted, and slowly sailed toward the root of an old tree on the side of the pool. Again, changing place, we will make an ambassador of a grasshopper. Laying down our rod, we prepare to catch the grasshopper. That is in itself no slight feat. At the first step you take, at least forty bolt out and tumble headlong into the grass; some cling to the stems, some are creeping under the leaves, and not one seems to be within reach. You step

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again; another flight takes place, and you eye them with fierce penetration, as if thereby you could catch some one of them with your eye. You cannot, though. You brush the grass with your foot again. Another hundred snap out and tumble about in every direction. There are large ones and small ones, and middling-sized ones; there are gray and hard old fellows; yellow and red ones; green and striped ones. At length it is wonderful to see how populous the grass is. If you did not want them, they would jump into your very hand. But they know by your hooks that you are not a-fishing. You see a very nice young fellow climbing up a steeple stem, to get a good lookout and see where you are. You take good aim and grab at him. The stem you catch, but he has jumped a safe rod. Yonder is another creeping among some delicate ferns. With broad palm you clutch him and all the neighboring herbage, too. Stealthily opening your little finger, you see his leg; the next finger reveals more of him; and opening the next you are just beginning to take him out with the other hand, when out he bounds and leaves you to renew your entomological pursuits! Twice you snatch handfuls of grass and cautiously open your palm to find that you have only grass. It is quite vexatious. There are thousands of them here and there, climbing and wriggling

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on that blade, leaping off from that stalk, twisting and kicking on that vertical spider's web, jumping and bouncing about under your very nose, hitting you in your face, creeping on your shoes, or turning somersets and tracing every figure of parabola or ellipse in the air, and yet not one do you get. And there is such a heartiness and merriment in their sallies! They are pert and gay, and do not take your intrusion in the least dudgeon. If any tender-hearted person ever wondered how a humane man could bring himself to such a cruelty as the impaling of an insect, let him hunt for a grasshopper on a hot day among tall grass; and when at length he secures one, the affixing him upon the hook will be done without a single scruple, with judicial solemnity, and as a mere matter of penal justice.

Now then, the trout are yonder. We swing our line to the air, and give it a gentle cast toward the desired spot, and a puff of south wind dexterously lodges it in the branch of the tree. You plainly see it strike, and whirl over and over, so that no gentle pull will loosen it. You draw it north and south, east and west; you give it a jerk up and a pull down; you try a series of nimble twitches; in vain you coax it in this way and solicit it in that. Then you stop and look a moment, first at the trout and then at your line. Was there ever anything so

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vexatious? Would it be wrong to get angry? In fact you feel very much like it. The very things you wanted to catch, the grasshopper and the trout, you could not; but a tree, that you did not in the least want, you have caught fast at the first throw. You fear that the trout will be scared. You cautiously draw nigh and peep down. Yes, there they are, looking at you and laughing as sure as ever trout laughed! They understand the whole thing. With a very decisive jerk you snap your line, regain the remnant of it, and sit down to repair it, to put on another hook, you rise up to catch another grasshopper, and move on down the stream to catch a trout!

Meantime, the sun is wheeling behind the mountains, for you are just at the foot of the eastern ridge of Mount Washington (not of the White Mountains, but of the Taconic range in Connecticut). Already its broad shade begins to fall down upon the plain. The side of the mountain is solemn and sad. Its ridge stands sharp against a fire-bright horizon. Here and there a tree has escaped the ax of the charcoalers, and shaggily marks the sky. Through the heavens are slowly sailing continents of magnificent fleece mountains—Alps and Andes of vapor. They, too, have their broad shadows. Upon yonder hill, far to the east of us, you see a cloud shadow making gray the

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top, while the base is radiant with the sun. Another cloud shadow is moving with stately grandeur along the valley of the Housatonic; and, if you rise to a little eminence, you may see the brilliant landscape growing dull in the sudden obscuration on its forward line, and growing as suddenly bright upon its rear trace. How majestically that shadow travels up those steep and precipitous mountainsides! How it scoops down the gorge and valley and moves along the plain!

But now the mountain shadow on the west is creeping down into the meadow. It has crossed the road where your horse stands hitched to the paling of a deserted little house.

You forget your errand. You select a dry, tufty knoll, and, lying down, you gaze up into the sky. O! those depths. Something within you reaches out and yearns; you have a vague sense of infinity—of vastness—of the littleness of human life, and the sweetness and grandeur of divine life and of eternity. You people that vast ether. You stretch away through it and find that celestial city beyond, and therein dwell, oh, how many that are yours! Tears come unbidden. You begin to long for release. You pray. Was there ever a better closet? Under the shadow of the mountain, the heavens full of cloudy cohorts, like armies of

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horsemen and chariots, your soul is loosened from the narrow judgments of human life, and touched with a full sense of immortality and the liberty of a spiritual state. An hour goes past. How full has it been of feelings struggling to be thoughts, and of thoughts deliquescing into feeling. Twilight is coming. You have miles to ride home. Not a trout in your basket! Never mind, you have fished in the heavens, and taken great store of prey. Let them laugh at your empty basket. Take their raillery good-naturedly; you have certainly had good luck.

But we have not yet gone to the brook for which we started. That must be for another tramp. Perhaps one's experience of "fancy tackle" and of fly-fishing might not be without some profit in moral analogies; perhaps a mountain stream and good luck in real trout may afford some easy side-thoughts not altogether unprofitable for a summer vacation. At any rate, it will make it plain that oftentimes the best part of trout fishing is not the fishing.

FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

SALISBURY, CONN., Sept. 16, 1853.

During two summers we have found a home in this hill country. We have explored its localities in every direction. The

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outlines of its horizon, its peaks and headlands, its mountains and gorges, its streams and valleys, have become familiar to us. It is a sad feeling that we have in going away.

Nature makes so many overtures to those who love her, and stamps so many remembrances of herself upon their affections, and draws forth to her bosom so much of our very self, that, at length, the fields, the hills, the trees, and the various waters, become a journal of our life. In riding over from Millerton to Salisbury (six miles), for the last time, probably for years, we could not but remark what a hold the face of the country had got upon us. This round hill on the left, as we draw near the lakes, it is our hill! Hundreds of times we have greeted it, and been greeted; we have bounded over it; in imagination we have built under those trees, and welcomed friends to our air cottage. How often, at sunset, have we looked forth, north, east, south and west, and harvested from each direction great stores of beauty and of joy. As we wound around its base, a three-quarter's moon shining full and bright, the two lakes began to appear in silver spots through the trees. When we reached the summit of the road, they opened in full, and glimmered and shone like molten silver. For more beautiful sheets of water, and more beautiful sites from which to look at them, one may search far without finding.

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During a few days' absence the first frost has fallen. The reaper then has come! And this is the sharp sickle whose unwhetted edge will cut all before it! We had, before this, noticed the blood-red dogwood in the forests, and a few vines that blushed at full length, with here and there a maple in swamp lands, that were prematurely taking bright colors. But now all things will hasten. Two weeks, and less, will bring October. That is the painted month. Every green thing loves to die in bright colors. The vegetable cohorts march glowing out of the year in flaming dresses, as if to leave this earth were a triumph and not a sadness. It is never nature that is sad, but only we, that dare not look back on the past, and that have not its prophesy of the future in our bosoms. Men will sit down beneath the shower of golden leaves that every puff of wind will soon cast down in field and forest, and remember the days of first summer and the vigor of young leaves; will mark the boughs growing bare, and the increasing spaces among the thickest trees, through which the heavens every day do more and more appear, as their leaves grow fewer and none spring again to repair the waste—and sigh that the summer passeth and the winter cometh. How many suggestions of his own life and decay will one find!

But there is as much of life in autumn as

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of death, and as much of creation and of growth as of passing away. Every flower has left its house full of seeds. No leaf has dropped until a bud was born to it. Already, another year is hidden along the boughs; another summer is secure among the declining flowers. Along the banks the green heart-shaped leaves of the violet tell me that it is all well at the root; and in turning the soil I find those spring beauties that died to be only sleeping. Heart, take courage! What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose. There is resurrection hope not alone in the garden sepulchre of Christ. Every flower and every tree and every root are annual prophets sent to affirm the future and cheer the way. Thus, as birds, to teach their little ones to fly, do fly first themselves and show the way; and as guides, that would bring the timid to venture into the dark-faced ford, do first go back and forth through it, so the year and all its mighty multitudes of growths walk in and out before us, to encourage our faith of life by death; of decaying for the sake of better growth. Every seed and every bud whispers to us to secure, while the leaf is yet green, that germ which shall live when frosts have destroyed leaf and flower.

Is there anything that the heart needs more than this? Is there anything that can comfort the heart out of which dear ones

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have fled, as birds flying out of and forsaking the trees where they were wonted to sit and sing, but the assurance of their speedy recoming? They are not silent everywhere because they do not speak to us here. Their feet still walk, though no footfall may be in our houses. Thine, O death, was the furrow; we cast therein our precious seed. Now let us wait and see what God shall bring forth for us. A single leaf falls—the bud at its axil will shoot forth many leaves. The husbandman bargains with the year to give back a hundred grains for each one buried. Shall God be less generous? Yet, when we sow, our hearts think that beauty is gone out, that all is lost. But when God shall bring again to our eyes the hundred-fold beauty and sweetness of that which we planted, how shall we shame over that dim faith, that having eyes saw not, and ears heard not, though all heaven and all the earth appeared and spake, to comfort those who mourn. And yet! and yet!—something sinks heavily down and weighs the heart too hardly. The future is bright enough; but, the *Now!*

This glorious vision, this hope and everlasting surety of the future, how shallow were life without it, and how deep beyond all fathoming with it! The threads that broke in the loom here shall be taken up there. The veins of gold, that penetrate

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this mighty mountain of time and earth, shall then have forsaken the rock and dirt, and shine in a sevenfold purity. All those wrongly estranged and separated, and all who, with great hearts, seeking good for men, do yet fall out and contend, and all they who bear about hearts of earnest purpose, longing to love and to do, but hindered and balked, and made to carry hidden fire in their souls that warms no one, but only burns the censer, and all they who are united for mutual discomfort, and all who are separated that should have walked together, and all that inwardly or outwardly live in a dream all their days, longing for the dawn and the waking—to all such how blessed is the dawn of the resurrection! The stone is rolled away, and angels sit upon it; and all who go groping toward the grave to search for that which is lost, shall hear their voices teaching them that heaven harvests and keeps whatever of good the earth loses.

But we began to write for the sake of saying farewell to old Salisbury and to all its beautiful scenery. The enjoyment which one receives in an eight-weeks' communion with such objects as abound here cannot be measured in words. We are not ashamed to acknowledge that our last ride through the familiar places was attended with an overflow of gratitude, as intelligent and distinct as ever we experienced toward a living

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person. Why not? Did not God create the heavens and the earth full of benefactions? Did he not set forth all enchantments of morning and evening, all processes of the seasons, to be almoners of His own bounty? God walks through the earth with ten thousand gifts which he finds no one willing to receive. Men live in poverty, in sadness and dissatisfaction, yearning and wishing for joy, while above them and about them, upon the grandest scale, with variations beyond record, are stores of pleasure beyond all exhaustion, and incapable of palling upon the taste. When our heart has dwelt for a long time in these royalties, and has been made rich with a wealth that brings no care, nor burden, nor corruption, and that wastes only to burst forth with new treasures and sweeter surprises, we cannot forbear thanksgiving and gratitude which fills the eye rather than moves the tongue. It is not alone thanks to God. By a natural process the mind gives sentient life to His messengers, and regards them as the cheerful and conscious stewards of divine mercy, and thanks them heartily for doing what God sent them to do. Nor can we forbear a sense of sorrow that that which was meant for so great a blessing to all men should be wasted, upon the greatest number of men, either because they lack education toward

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such things, or lack a sensibility which produces enjoyment without an education.

If there were an artist to come among us who could stand in Metropolitan Hall in the presence of a living assemblage, and work with such marvelous celerity and genius, that in a half hour there should glow from his canvas a gorgeous sunset, such as flushes the west in an October day; and then, when the spectators had gazed their fill, should rub it hastily out, and overlay it, in a twenty minutes' work, with another picture, such as God paints rapidly after sunset—its silver white, its faint apple-green, its pink, its yellow, its orange hues, imperceptibly mingling into grays and the black-blue of the upper arch of the heavens, to be rubbed out again, and succeeded by pictures of clouds—all, or any, of those extraordinary combinations of grandeur, in form and in color, that make one tremble to stand and look up; these again to be followed by vivid portraiture of more calm atmospheric conditions of the heavens, without form or vapor; and so on endlessly—such a man would be followed by eager crowds, his works lauded, and he called a god. He would be a god. Such is God. So he fills the heavens with pictures, strikes through them with effacement that he may find room for the expression of the endless riches of the divine ideas of beauty and majesty. “The heavens declare the

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glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." The Psalmist then boldly personifies days and nights, as if they were sentinels and spectators, each as it passes from his watch rehearsing what it had seen: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

We are thankful that our incarceration in the city, though it shuts out all these things, cannot efface the memory of a summer's happiness. That glows and lives again, and will be a sweet twilight on our path, till another season and another vacation.

THE DEATH OF OUR ALMANAC.

(1853.)

He died without a groan. He seemed as vigorous, only the day before, as the first day of his life; and held his own to the last moment. Were it not that another child of the same family, bearing the same general features, and apparently of the same temper, is ready to take his place, we should be inconsolable. For, no other friend have we to whom we can go for advice, as we could to him. He was, doubtless, somewhat of an Oriental turn of mind, and spoke mostly in figures. Yet his knowledge in various things was not small and was exceedingly practical. He held converse with the stars, and seemed to know what was going on

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among all the planets. He had a habit of looking after the sun, and had become so well acquainted with his favorite resorts that he could tell you what he would do and where he could be found for years to come. He knew all the coquetings of the sun and moon; and all the seasons at which the stars would play bo-peep with each other; and all the caprices of the moon, from her slyest glance to the fullest gaze of her maidenly face.

Although his thoughts seemed much on high, he also had much earthly lore. He was particularly fond of looking after the tides; he kept a calendar of various events and days, and notched the whole year upon his table.

We seldom took in hand an important matter without consulting him. We never found his judgment of events wrong. And now, his face and sides bear the marks of our regard.

These economical uses were but the "exterior knowledges" of our departed friend. Nothing pleased him better than, on some winter night, to be drawn forth, and held before the glowing fire, and persuaded into a spiritual converse. How many discourses has he thus uttered! Sometimes he would liken the year to human life, and draw the analogies of each month to corresponding periods in man's development and experi-

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ence. At other times, he would divide the world's life into periods, and he always declared that the world was revolving through a vast year of its own—a period as long as the earth's whole existence—and that we were living the world's great month of March—full of bluster and storm. You can no more know, said he once to us, the glory of the world as it shall be, from what it has been, than, from the scenes of February and March, you can suspect the contents of June and October.

On one occasion, our almanac seemed unusually oracular. Laid on the shelf with several imaginative authors, he seemed to have felt their influence.

We were sitting in our scarlet chair, our feet upborne upon another, and pointed toward the fire, like artillery. We passed into an "impressible" state. The wind was rattling the windows on the back of the house, and whistling wild tones through the crevices; and, occasionally, we could hear the tide below rushing past the piers in the East River, and splashing sullenly against them. "Come," said we, "speak out. Under these names, January, February, March, April, how much is hid that the eye cannot see? Uncover the months and interpret them." We touched the very chord. In a low and sweet way, he began to speak as if he were a harp, and as if the spirit of

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the year like a gentle wind was breathing through it.

“January! Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth white? So hath God wiped out the past; so hath He spread the earth like an unwritten page, for a new year! Old sounds are silent in the forest, and in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies, white and tranquil, the emblem of newness and purity, the virgin robes of the yet unstained year!

“February! The day gains upon the night. The strife of heat and cold is scarce begun. The winds that come from the desolate north wander through forests of frost-cracking boughs, and shout in the air the weird cries of the northern bergs and ice-resounding oceans. Yet, as the month wears on, the silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. The storms cry out. But the sun is not heard in all the heavens. Yet he whispers words of deliverance into the ears of every sleeping seed and root that lies beneath the snow. The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frostlock. They strive together, but the darkness and the cold are growing

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weaker. On some nights they forget to work.

“March! The conflict is more turbulent, but the victory is gained. The world awakes. There come voices from long-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The sullen ice retreating from open field, and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tiny palms.

“April! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice, and snow, and storm, done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How do they come forth opening and glorified? Is it, then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave?

In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again. Thou

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shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far off. Secretly the plants love each other.

“May! Oh, flower month, perfect the harvests of flowers! Be not niggardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooks that refused the sun casting back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness in the worst. There is warmth in the coldness. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a placid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the very rocks, and lichens grow and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not time do, that carries in its bosom love?

“June! Rest! This is the year’s bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven! Speak to God now, and say, O Father, where art thou?’ And out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, ‘God is in me.’ The earth cries to the heavens,

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'God is here.' And the heavens cry to the earth, 'God is here.' The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep! He sitteth upon the circle of the earth!

"Oh, sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the equator scorch you!

"July! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overflow the earth with hotness. Must it be thus in everything, that June shall rush toward August? Or, is it not that there are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands? There is a deeper work than June can perform. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom. For, there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

"August! Reign, thou fire month! What canst thou do? Neither shalt thou destroy the earth, whom frosts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad-palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down. But every night the dew pities them. Yet, there are flowers that look thee in the eye, fierce sun,

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all day long, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the most populous and the happiest month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; forest fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in nature's grand harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year? Thou art the glowing center of the circle!

"September! There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up treasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with softened pride. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gone, while all its growths remain, do we know the fullness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the glowing palm of August, and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself molded of them both.

"October! Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long waverings to the earth, which

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they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor, and her serene eye saith, 'It is good.'

"November! Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life, to thee, now, is only a task accomplished. In the nighttime thou liest down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoarfrosts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

"December! Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedgerows of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as they do in thy frostiest nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constellation is set that star, whose rising is the sign, forevermore, that there is life in

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death! Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee the Christ came. Every star that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial, knows that all things shall come forth again. Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live, life shall rejoice, winter shall break forth and blossom into spring, spring shall put on her glorious apparel and be called summer. It is life! it is life! through the whole year!"

We know not the temper of our almanac for 1854. As yet, it is taciturn. But we have hopes that in the loss of our old friend, now silent and laid to rest, we shall not be left without a companion, as wise, as genial, and as instructive.

FROST IN THE WINDOW.

Books have been written of painted windows, and journeys long and expensive have been made to see them. And without a doubt they are both curious and more than curious; they are admirable. One such work of art, standing through generations of men, and making countless hearts glad with its beauty, is a treasure for which any community may be grateful.

But are we so destitute of decorated windows as, at first, one might suppose? Last night the thermometer sank nearly to zero, and see what business nature has had on

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hand! Every pane of glass is etched and figured as never Moorish artist decorated Alhambra. Will you pass it unexamined, simply because it cost you nothing—because it is so common—because it is, this morning, the property of so many people—because it was wrought by nature and not by man? Do not do so. Learn rather to enjoy it for its own elegance, and for God's sake, who gave to frosts such wondrous artist tendencies.

The children are wiser than their elders. They are already at the window interpreting these mysterious pictures. One has discovered a silent, solitary lake, extremely beautiful, among stately white cliffs. Another points out a forest of white fir trees and pines, growing in rugged grandeur. There are in succession discovered mountains, valleys, cities of glorious structures, a little confused in their outline by distance. There are various beasts, too; here a bear coming down to the water; birds in flocks, or sitting voiceless and solitary. There are rivers flowing through plains, and elephants, and buffaloes, and herds of cattle. There are dogs and serpents, trees and horses, ships and men. Beside all these phantom creatures, there are shadowy ornaments of every degree of beauty, simple or complex, running through the whole scale, from a mere

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dash of the artist's tool to the most studied and elaborate compositions.

Neither does night repeat itself. Every window has its separate design. Every pane of glass is individual and peculiar. You see only one appearance of anxiety in the artist, and that is, lest time and room should fail for the expression of the endless imaginations which throng his fertile soul.

There is a generous disregard of all fictitious or natural distinctions of society in this beautiful working. The designs upon the poorhouse windows are just as exquisite as any upon the rich man's mansion. The little child's bedroom window is just as carefully handled as the proudest window in any room of state. The church can boast of nothing better than the emblazonings on the window of the poor seamstress who lives just by. For a few hours everybody is rich. Every man owns pictures and galleries of pictures!

But then comes the iconoclast—the sun! Ah, remorseless eyes! why will you gaze out all these exquisite figures and lines? Art thou jealous lest night shall make sweeter flowers in winter time than thou canst in all the summer time? For shame, envious father of flowers! There is no end of thy abundance. Around the equator the summer never dies; flowers perfume the whole ecliptic. And spreading out thence, the

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summer shall travel northward, and for full eight months thou hast the temperate zones for thy gardens. Will not all the flowers of the tropics and of eight-month zones suffice? Will not all the myriads that hide under leaves, that climb up for air to treetops, that nestle in rock crevices, or sheet the open plains with wide effulgence, that ruffle the rocks and cover out of sight all rude and homely things—suffice thy heart, that thou must come and rob from our winter canvas all the fine things, the rootless trees, the flowers that blossom without growing, the wilderness of pale shrubberies that grow by night to die by day? Rapacious sun! thou shouldst set us a better example.

But the indefatigable night repairs the desolation. New pictures supply the waste ones. New cathedrals there are, new forests, fringed and blossoming, new sceneries, and new races of extinct animals. We are rich every morning, and poor every noon. One day with us measures the space of two hundred years in kingdoms—a hundred years to build up, and a hundred years to decay and destroy; twelve hours to overspread the evanescent pane with glorious beauty, and twelve to extract and dissipate the pictures.

How is the frost-picturing like fancy painting! Thus we fill the vagrant hours with innumerable designs, and paint visions

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upon the visionless sphere of time, which, with every revolution, destroys our work, restoring it back to the realm of waste fantasies!

But is not this a type of finer things than arrant fictions? Is it not a mournful vision of many a virtuous youth, overlaid with every device of virtue which parental care could lay on, dissolved before the hot breath of love, blurred, and quite rubbed out?

Or shall we read a lesson for a too unpractical mind, full of airy theories and dainty plans of exquisite good, that lie upon the surface of the mind, fair indeed, till touched? The first attempt at realization is as when an artist tries to tool these frosted sketches; the most exquisite touch of ripest skill would mar and destroy them!

Or, rather, shall we not reverently and rejoicingly behold in these morning pictures, wrought without color, and kissed upon the window by the cold lips of winter, another instance of that divine beneficence of beauty, which suffuses the heavens, clothes the earth, and royally decorates the months, and sends them forth through all hours, all seasons, all latitudes, to fill the earth with joy, pure as the Great Heart from which it had its birth?

TRUST.

A child has an exalted idea of the knowledge and power of its parent. A father stands in a child's mind as the type of courage and capacity; and a mother, of love and goodness. The feeling of trust is perfect. Children do not think about their own support, or their own manifold wants. There is an inexhaustible certainty that everything will be thought of, sought, and procured by their parents for to-day, to-morrow, next week, the month, and the whole year. Nor does sickness or trouble diminish this feeling. It then grows even stronger. Trouble sends the child right home to the parental bosom.

It is this experience that God employs to designate the relations of confidence and implicit trust that should exist between every human heart and Christ. The earthly parent succeeds very poorly in reproducing love, care, kindness, foresight, providence. He is trying to do, on a small scale, in a narrow nature, in a sinful world, what God does gloriously, in an infinite sphere, with a perfect nature, and with transcendent excellence. God is unlike an earthly father, but it is on the side of excess, abundance, profusion. He cares not less, but infinitely more, for every child, than any earthly

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parent ever can. He watches more willingly, provides more surely, gladly, and abundantly.

But few Christians, however, reproduce the feeling of children toward a parent in respect to trust. They believe in God upon visible evidence. Prosperity makes them trustful. Trouble leaves them without a ray of quiet light. Men trust in God when they are in health, in strength, when successful in their affairs, or when surrounded by all that heart can wish. When sick, alone, baffled in their business, vexed and troubled, hemmed in and shut up, they fall away from confidence, and go into despair.

You can leave your affairs to God when they go well; can you when they go ill? You can rest quietly in God's hand when you are in health; can you when sick? You can trust your family with God when you are comfortable and happy; can you when you are perplexed how to get along, and your children are sick, and long sick?

But what is a trust in God good for that departs when you need it, and comes again only when you can get along without it? What is a ship good for that is safe in a harbor, but unsafe on the ocean? What is a sail good for that is sound in a calm, but splits in the first wind? What patience is that which only lasts when there is nothing to bear? Courage, when there is no

Trust.

danger; firmness, where is no pressure; hope when everything is before the eyes; what are all these worth? But such is the trust which most Christians have in God. It has no virtue in it. It is like a lighthouse that burns only in daylight, and is extinguished at sundown.

We need a trust that shall take hold upon God with such a large belief of his love and constancy, as shall carry us right on over rough as well as over smooth ground; right on through light and darkness; right on through sickness, bereavement, loss, trouble, and long-pressing afflictions. At noon one does not need a torch. It is in darkness that one should carry a light. Sometimes God communicates his goodness to us through our worldly conditions. Every day and every hour seem mails from heaven bringing letters of divine remembrance and tokens of love. But, at other times, God prefers other channels. He chooses to approach us by other instruments. A Christian should understand that every experience contains the love and presence of Christ. God wears many robes. He comes in new apparel. Whatever change takes place, it is only God in another dress. A Christian should learn to look at the face and not at the dress. If your father or your mother came to you, you would know them by the eye, by the mouth, by the expression,

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no matter how strangely they were dressed. We should feel mortified to find that a dear friend did not enough know us to carry the firm trust of friendship through all our moods and changes of appearance.

It will be a help toward this state if every Christian will reckon with himself in a manner exactly the reverse of that usually practiced.

Count for nothing that which you feel in hours of glee or prosperity. Consider that only to be genuine trust in God which you have in hours of darkness. Begin there. Put your criterion and standard there. If you have none there, you have none at any time.

“Although the figtree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet, will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

A RHAPSODY OF THE PEN UPON THE TONGUE.

When St. James says, “If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body,” one is at first surprised. It would seem to place the sum of virtue in a very little thing. But a larger experience of life would change our

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opinion. The tongue is the exponent of the soul. It is the flame which it issues, as lightning is the tongue of the clouds. It is the sword of anger, the club of brutal rage, the sting of envy. It is the soul's right hand, by which it strikes with wasting power. On the other hand, the tongue is the soul's voice of mercy, the string on which its love vibrates as music; the pencil with which it fashions its fairest pictures; the almoner of its gifts; the messenger of its bounties!

By speech a man may touch human life within and without. No sceptre has such power in a king's hand, as the soul hath in a ready tongue; which also has this advantage, that well-uttered words never die, but go sounding on to the end of the world, not lost when seemingly silent, but rising and falling between the generations of men, as ships rise and fall between waves, hidden at times, but not sunken. A fit speech is like a sweet and favorite tune. Once struck out, it may be sung or played forever. It flies from man to man, and makes its nest in the heart as birds do in trees. This is remarkably exemplified in maxims and proverbs. A generation of men by their experience prove some moral truth, and all know it as a matter of consciousness. By and by, some happy man puts the truth into words, and ten thousand people say, he got that from

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me ; for a proverb is a child born from ten thousand parents. Afterward the proverb has the liberty of the world. A good proverb wears a crown and defies revolution or dethronement. It walks up and down the earth an invisible knight-errant, helping the needy. A man might frame and set loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll through the generations of time. The tongue may be likened to an organ, which, though but one instrument, has within it an array of different pipes and stops, and discourses in innumerable combinations. If one man sits before it not skilled to control its powers, he shall make it but a monstrous jargon. But when one comes who knows its ways, and has control of its powers, then it becomes a mountain of melody, and another might well think he heard the city of God in the hour of its singing. The tongue is the keyboard of the soul. But it makes a world of difference who sits to play upon it. "Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men." It is sweeter than honey. It is bitterer than gall. It is balm and consolation. It is sharper than a serpent's tooth. It is a wand that touches with hope, and lifts us up. It is a mace that beats us down, and leaves us wounded upon the ground. One trumpet, but how different

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the blasts blown upon it, by love, by joy, by humility, or by hatred, pride, anger!

A heart that is full of goodness, that loves and pities, that yearns to invest the richest of its mercy in the souls of those that need it—how sweet a tongue hath such a heart! A flute sounded in a wood, in the stillness of evening, and rising up among leaves that are not stirred by the moonlight above, or by those murmuring sounds beneath; a clock, that sighs at half hours, and at the full hours beats its silver bell so gently, that we know not whence the sound comes, unless it falls through the air from heaven, with sounds as sweet as dewdrops make, in heaven, falling upon flowers; a bird whom perfumes have intoxicated, sleeping in a blossomed tree, so that it speaks in its sleep with a note so soft that sound and sleep strive together, and neither conquer, but the sound rocks itself upon the bosom of sleep, each charming the other; a brook that brings down the greeting of the mountains to the meadows, and sings a serenade all the way to the faces that watch themselves in its brightness, these, and a hundred like figures, the imagination brings to liken thereunto the charms of a tongue which love plays upon. Even its silence is beautiful. Under a green tree we see the stream so clear that nothing is hidden to its bottom. We cast in round, white pebbles to hear

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them splash, and to see the crystal-eyed fish run in and sail out again. So there are some whose speaking is like the fall of jasper stones upon the silent river, and whose stillness follows speech, as silent fish that move like dreams beneath the untroubled water!

It was in some such dreaming mood, methinks, old Solomon spoke: "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." And what fruit grows thereon, he explains, when he afterward says: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver"—beautiful whether seen through the silver network of the sides, or looked upon from above, resting their orbéd ripeness upon the fretted edge of the silver bed.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate plush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels. Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you

Purity of Character.

please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated! So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his moral garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven. It is a stain of blood that we can never make white, and which can be washed away only in the blood of Christ, that "cleanseth from all sin!"

Henry Ward Beecher.

HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.

There is a kind of narrowness into which, in our everyday experiences, we are apt to fall, and against which we should most carefully guard. When a man who is in perfect health has a wound inflicted upon him—a wound in his foot, a cut on his finger, a pain in his hand—he is almost always sure to feel, even though it be only a small member that suffers, and the suffering itself be unworthy of the name, that the perfect soundness of all the rest of his body counts as nothing; and a little annoyance is magnified into a universal pain. Only a single point may be hurt, and yet he feels himself clothed with uneasiness, or with a garment of torture. So, God may send ten thousand mercies upon us, but if there happen to be only one discomfort among them, one little worry, or fret, or bicker, all the mercies and all the comforts are forgotten, and count as nothing! One little trouble is enough to set them all aside! There may be an innumerable train of mercies which, if they were stopped one by one and questioned, would seem like angels bearing God's gifts in their hands! But we forget them all, in the remembrance of the most trivial inconvenience! A man may go about all the day long—discontented, fretting, out of

How to Bear Little Troubles.

humor—who, at evening, on asking himself the question, “What has ailed me to-day?” may be filled with shame because unable to tell. The annoyance is so small and slight that he cannot recognize it; yet, its power over him is almost incredible. He is equally ashamed with the cause and the result.

We may fall into such a state merely through indifference, and remain there simply because we have fallen into it, and make no effort to get out. When a man starts wrong early in the morning, unless he is careful to set himself right before he has gone far, he will hardly be able to straighten out his crookedness until noon or afternoon—if haply then; for a man is like a large ship; he cannot turn round in a small space, and must make his sweep in a large curve. If we wake up with a heavenly mind, we are apt to carry it with us through the day; but if we wake up with a fretful, peevish, discontented disposition, we are apt to carry that all the day, and all the next day, too! I have comforted myself, and risen out of this state of mind by saying to myself: “Well, you are in trouble; something has come upon you which is painful; but will you let it clasp its arms around you, and shut you in its embrace from the sight and touch of all the many other things that are accounted joys? Will you suffer your-

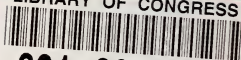
Henry Ward Beecher.

self to be harnessed and driven by it?" It is well to remember that there is a way of overcoming present troubles by a recognition of present or promised mercies. The apostle Paul knew this, and so exhorted us to "look unto Jesus, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." All that Christ had to bear he bore patiently—he carried his sorrow about with him as a very little thing. Why? Because of the "joy that was set before Him!" Oh, let us apply the exhortation faithfully to ourselves; and when we are worried, and tempted to give way to vexation, let us seek a sweet relief in the thought of the blessedness that is set before us to be an inheritance forever.

THE END.

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